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1960-61*

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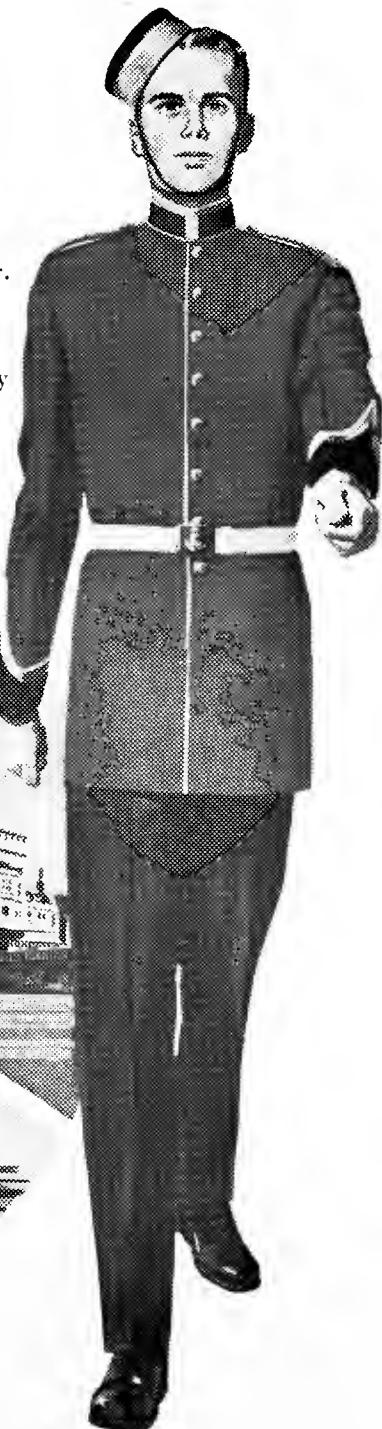
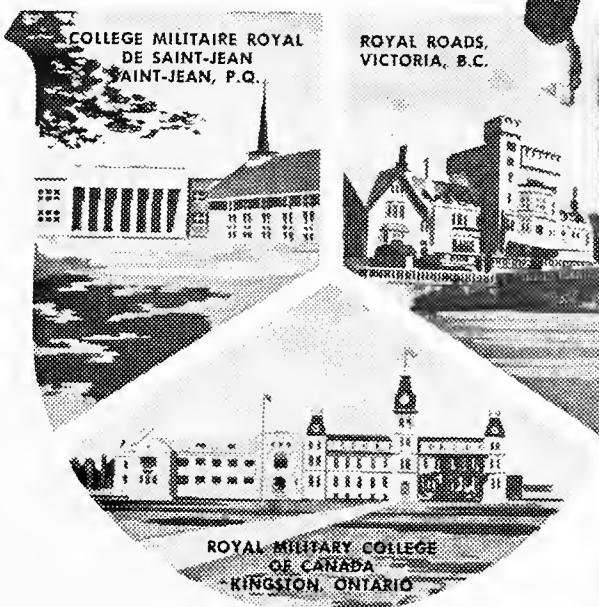
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Please send to me full information on the Regular Officer Training Plan

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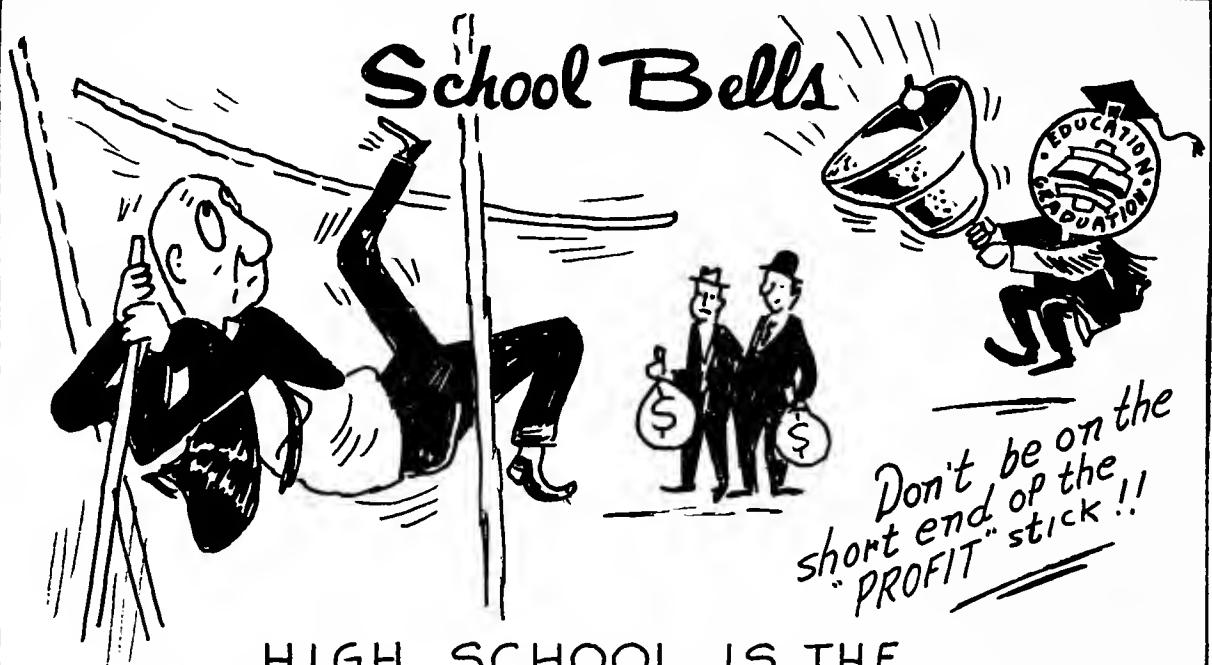
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PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

A school year book is a large and complicated project designed to provide our student editors with an opportunity to develop their latent talents. The year book which you hold in your hands is the creative effort of a large group of Nelson's good students, who have dreamed and planned to produce an imaginative record of the past year's activities. We extend our congratulations to the staff sponsor and the editorial group for their faithful work in creating such an interesting publication. It reflects the activities which have made the year a memorable one.

We are very conscious of the larger number of students present here. In fact, never before in history have so many students been offered the advantages of higher education. Yet too many young people are taking this high privilege for granted and are not making full use of the opportunities offered to them. How often do you, a high school student, stop to consider how much it costs your family, and your community to give you an education? How often do you ever thank your parents and your teachers for the education which is being given to you?

In our own school, the overwhelming majority of students still appreciate the privileges earned over the years and do not take them for granted but "The Victory" itself will probably be read from cover to cover by students who assume that we shall have a good magazine. We hope that they will realize that it is produced by the joint efforts of many students and staff. It would be ungrateful not to appreciate all the time and talent which has been spent on such an excellent production.



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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



EDITORIAL

It is with pleasure that we present the second issue of the Nelson High School year book.

The untiring effort and diligent application of many persons for many months have gone toward bringing this publication to fruition. We express warm appreciation to a most competent editorial staff, enthusiastic staff advisors and accomplished student contributors. Their co-operation was never wanting.

These are years of precise learning from which we later generate ideas. We are indeed privileged to spend these years in such a fine institution as Nelson High School. We are proud of the academic and athletic standards of our school; we are proud of the excellent tuition we receive; we are proud of our scholarship; we are proud of our potential leadership. Therefore, we should be ever mindful of maintaining these standards.

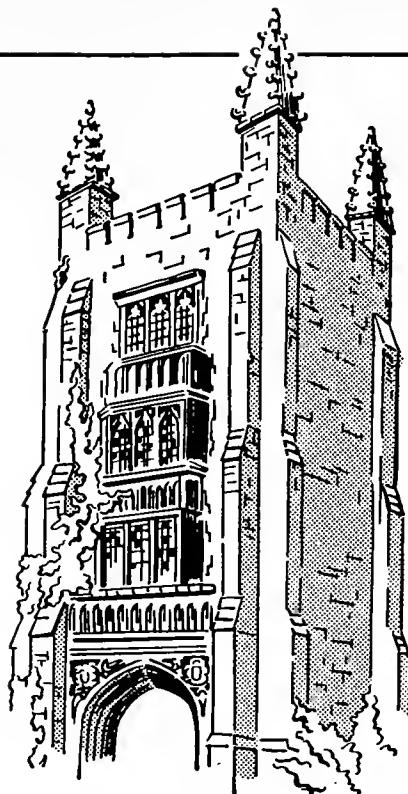
School days are many things to many students and not the least are the memorabilia of these years. Each of us leaves a little of himself in every experience and association. It is our hope that these pages will provide a pictorial and literary record interesting enough to recall the year, to evoke laughter and a little nostalgia in the years to come.

To the graduating class we extend the sincere wish that health and success attend them always.

Bill Stafford

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M. MARSHALL

VALEDICTORY 1960

It goes without saying that I am greatly honoured to have the opportunity of delivering this valedictory message on behalf of my classmates who make up the first class to graduate from Grade 13 at Nelson High School. However, I also feel a grave sense of responsibility, the responsibility of saying farewell to Nelson High School on behalf of thirty-eight individuals who have, I am sure thirty-eight individual combinations of feelings about leaving.

First of all, I think we are all glad and sorry to leave Nelson High School. Let me explain what I mean by that. One dark night, long ago, three horsemen were riding across a desert. Suddenly a loud, terrible voice boomed out of the darkness telling them to dismount. The men were very frightened and obeyed at once. The voice spoke again, softer this time. It told them to fill their saddle-bags with small stones. After a few minutes of searching, the men, anxious to be on their way and not wishing to burden their horses, returned with the bags only half full. The voice spoke for the last time, telling them to continue on their journey, without looking at the stones, and that in the morning when they looked again, they would be both glad and sorry. The men followed the instructions and when the sun rose, they looked in their saddle-bags and found that the stones had turned to precious jewels. They all felt glad and sorry. Glad they had picked up the stones as the voice had commanded, but sorry they had not taken more. And likewise, we, as a graduating class, feel glad and sorry on this occasion. We are glad to be finished school; on that point I am sure we all agree. Those departmental examinations were no fun and none of us would like to go through them again. We are glad because we are all facing a new experience, whether it be the excitement and challenge of higher learning, or the independent and material comforts the working world has to offer. Despite the many reasons we have to be happy and thankful, we are bound to feel a few twinges of sadness also. We are sorry to be separated from the people who have been not only classmates for three years, but friends as well, and no matter how many people you meet and how many new friends you make, it is always sad to leave old friends. Many of us, like the three horsemen, may feel sorry that we had not taken more; that is, sorry that we had not taken better advantage of opportunities now lost to us. And so on leaving, we are both glad and sorry.

Whether we realize it or not, when we go tonight we are leaving part of us behind, that part of us both as a class and as individuals which has rubbed off during the three years in which we were the senior class at Nelson High School. But we are taking with us far more than we have left behind, and indeed far more than is represented by the diplomas we have received tonight. If this piece of paper were all we had to show for our years of high school, our time, our teachers' efforts and our parents' tax money would have been shamefully wasted. We are taking much more than knowledge with us, to be sure. During the past three years, we have accumulated a vast store of memories, which, like good stocks, will grow more valuable to us as time goes on. Remember the first year when we were so proud of our brand new school with all the best facilities. Remember the first few months, with workmen all over and the music room located right in the middle of the other class rooms. The sounds we heard then were a far cry from the music we have enjoyed tonight. Remember the baseball game--boys versus Staff--a good example of the unique spirit of those early days. Remember also the football team that won a championship their first year, the Christmas party complete with Santa. "O.A." Clause, the wonderful spring concerts that established the band as our proudest possession and showpiece. Each of us has his own memories, and I have mentioned only those that stand out in my mind. I have not mentioned the most important part that high school has played in our lives--that of helping us to grow up.

Any advice or message to the class of '61 would be, I am sure, a repetition of what the Counsellors have already said many times. But I might add this in passing: what you can expect to get out of your years at high school is in direct proportion to what you are willing to put into them.

Of this graduating class, some of us have already gone on to a form of higher learning and some have not. It would, therefore, be appropriate for all of us to remember these words of Elbert Hubbard: "All educated men are not college graduates, nor are all college graduates educated men. An educated man is one who is useful to humanity and to himself."

Dennis Brannan.

EVELYN AGNEW

Ambition: Registered nurse
 Ultimate Doom: Raising kids
 Pet Peeve: People who hate cats
 Postimes: Swimming, bowling, Y.P.U.
 Ten years from now: Still trying grade 12 French

**KEITH ALLEN**

Ambition: Astronaut
 Ultimate Doom: A technical difficulty
 Pet Peeve: Cigarettes with filters on the wrong end
 High Point of School Career: Finding out what a stomatic strabilus is
 Favourite saying: Is that right?
 Postimes: Pushing a hospital bed
 Often Seen: At Kilby's, at gas station
 Ten years from now: Graduation (I hope)

**CHARLIE ALTON**

Ambition: Millionaire
 Ultimate doom: Who knows
 Pet Peeve: French
 High point of school career: Senior Matric
 Favourite saying: No kiddin, you did not
 Postimes: Organ, homework
 Often seen: Extra Algebra classes
 Final remarks: ALMJESAM

**CAROL BANKS**

Ambition: To go for a ride in a Model A Roadster
 Ultimate Doom: Teaching French
 Pet Peeve: Essays and compositions; school buses
 Favourite saying: What homework were we to have done to-day? —Not another composition!
 Postimes: Cheerleading, sewing
 Often seen: Wearing sneakers
 Ten years from now: President of T.G.I.F.
 Final Remarks: Do you want criticism or suggestions?

**BRIAN BENNETT:**

Ambition: Chemistry, U. of T.
 Ultimate Doom: Beachcomber
 Pet Peeve: Teachers who do Math problems differently than I
 Favourite saying: That's mighty human of you
 Postimes: Physics homework
 Final remarks: Why do teachers keep telling us that we are doomed to failure?

**AHTI BRIGDEN**

Ambition: To replace Claire Wallace
 Ultimate Doom: Replacing Mrs. Moyer
 Pet Peeve: 10th period
 High Point of School Career: He hasn't come yet
 Favourite saying: "I don't know"
 Postimes: Listening to Marg rave about Duff
 Often seen: But seldom heard
 Ten years from now: Singing French lullabies
 Final Remarks: Aurevoir et bonne chance

TOM BURNS

Ambition: B.Sc., airline pilot, R.C.M.P.
 Ultimate doom: Making 30,000 a year
 Pet peeve: Homework
 High point in school career: Passing grade 13
 Favourite saying: Several... but they're censored
 Postimes: Wrestling
 Often seen: Doing French authors at noon
 Ten years from now: Still waiting for Dooms' Day

MARGARET CARSON

Ambition: To get my driver's license
 Ultimate doom: To never get up enough nerve to try my license
 Pet peeve: Chess addicts and people who back in driveways
 High point in school career: Passing Grade 13 English
 Favourite saying: Don't talk George eat! It's twenty to one already
 Postimes: Folk household, sorority, swimming, taking pictures
 Ten years from now: Getting used to my contacts
 Final remarks: Hovanec this time we'll make it! (I hope)

LYNNE CHRIS

Ambition: To get to one English class on time
 Ultimate doom: Automatic dish washer
 Pet peeve: Chief contributor to a certain joint account
 High point in school career: The day I forgot my bloomers
 Favourite saying: "Does 11B have 10th period today?"
 Ten years from now: Still eating and still washing dishes
 Postimes: Telephone, eating
 Often seen: Laughing in German class
 Final remarks: McMaster, here I come

JANE CLEMENTS

Ambition: Teacher
 Ultimate doom: Marriage
 Pet peeve: French
 Favourite saying: That gives me the willies
 Postimes: Homework, Gord, hockey games, Gord, babysitting, Gord
 Often seen: On the 3rd line by the big tree
 Ten years from now: Raising little Hasselfeldts
 Final remarks: censored

LEIGH COCKBURN

Ambition: To be a landscape painter
 Ultimate doom: Cleaning brushes for Jon Gnagy
 Pet peeve: Decorations for school dances
 Favourite saying: Got your homework done Mike
 Often seen: Working in the art room
 Ten years from now: White washing fences

**CAROL COLLING**

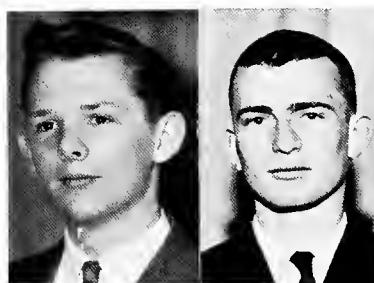
Ambition: To tour Europe
 Ultimate doom: Teacher
 Pet peeve: Math 10th period
 High point of school career: Dropping Math
 Pastimes: Doug, music, band, Y.U.P., homework
 Often seen: Watching clock in 10th period
 Ten years from now: Still hoping to tour Europe
 Final remarks: At last, no more school buses
 Weakness: Alto sax music, spaghetti, Old Spice

**MIKE COOME**

Ambition: Millionaire
 High point of school career: June 23, 1961
 Weaknesses: Kingston Trio, ah les femmes
 Pet peeve: Monday to Friday; pensthat don't hold ink
 Favourite saying: "Nice play, Shakespear"; "Let's polish off these wretched things"
 Pastimes: Skiing, arguing with Mr. Jones
 Often seen: Cramming homework
 Ten years from now: Let's both be surprised
 Final remarks: Ain't love wonderful

**ROBERT H.G. COOPER**

Ambition: To disappear as well as Houdini
 Ultimate doom: Compulsory attendance at school
 Pet peeve: No coffee breaks
 High point of school career: One week's perfect attendance
 Favourite saying: "Here today, gone tomorrow"
 Pastimes: I'll never tell
 Often seen: Leaving
 Ten years from now: "I'll be working on the railroad"

**CAROL CORLETT**

Ambition: To fill my little black book
 Ultimate doom: Coming to the last page of my book
 Pet peeve: "porro", "chief", an ex-appendix
 High point of school career: The day I sat on Santa's lap
 Pastimes: Looking for someone, teaching baton, cheering, sewing
 Often seen: Looking for a candidate for next Saturday night
 Ten years from now: Cheering for the interns during operations
 Final remarks: "But I don't want to teach baton while I'm training on the mountain."

**WAYNE CUNNINGHAM**

Ambition: Jewish engineer
 Ultimate doom: Working of Plaza Men's Wear
 Pet peeve: Grade 9 "winners"
 High point of school career: Holidays
 Favourite saying: "I move we adjourn this meeting"
 Pastimes: Gamma Delta Psi and Sue
 Often seen: With Sue
 Ten years from now: "Don't ask me ask the boss"
 Final remarks: Sorry, John, no more cousins

JOE DRAKE JR.

Ambition: Zen Buddhist priest
 Ultimate doom: Marriage
 Pet peeve: MG- TD sports cars
 High point of school career: Leaving Nelson
 Favourite saying: "Quid, me vexari?"
 Pastimes: Gamma Delta Psi, jazz
 Often seen: Training for track
 Ten years from now: Holton County Poor - house
 Final remarks: It was nice while it lasted!

GORDON EAGLE

Ambition: To buy a car
 Pet peeve: Walking to school on a cold winter morning
 High point of school career: Passing French
 Favourite saying: "Is that right?"
 Pastimes: Skiing, water-skiing, swimming, band
 Often seen: Hitch-hiking into town
 Ten years from now: Still paying for the car
 Final remarks: Oh well, there is always next year!

BOB EASTER

Ambition: To beat Burlington Central
 Ultimate doom: Undertaking a mortition's course
 Pet peeve: 10th period classes
 High point of school career: Beating Burlington Central
 Favourite saying: Don't die, it's not that bad
 Pastimes: Figuring out ways to get to 4195 Lakeshore Hwy.
 Often seen: 4195 Lakeshore Hwy.
 Ten years from now: Being psychoanalyzed
 Final remarks: "Somewhere there's an open grave..."

BARBARA EASTON

Ambition: To learn to appreciate Latin poetry
 Ultimate doom: Teacher
 Pet peeve: Classes until 4:00
 Weakness: Bordeaux chocolates
 Favourite saying: "Where are we going now?"
 Final remarks: If you can't do great things, you can at least do small things in a great way.

AUDREY EATON

Ambition: To pass ONE English Comp. exam
 Ultimate doom: Flunk English Comp. exam
 Pet peeve: Dancing, English classes
 High point of school career: The last day of school
 Favourite saying: "I don't know for sure"
 Postimes: Skating, bowling, records, eating, badminton
 Often seen: With guess who?
 Ten years from now: You never know.....
 Final remarks: It's been a long, long time

**SHARON ELLERBECK**

Ambition: Test pilot in U.S.S.R.
 Ultimate doom: "Whatever will be will be"
 High point of school career: "Rauchening" in Miss-Bouck's class
 Favourite saying: "That's not right"
 Postimes: Waiting at 4195 Lakeshore Hwy.
 Often seen: At locker No. 61A
 Ten years from now: Wouldn't you like to know
 Final remarks: You name it, I'll fly it.

**FRED FEATHERSTONE**

Ambition: Teaching
 Ultimate doom: Endsville
 Pet peeve: Poetry
 High point of school career: Leaving (extended list upon request)
 Favourite saying: "It's punched"
 Postimes: Avoiding work
 Final remarks: It was fun while it lasted

**SUE FOSTER**

Ambition: Teacher, etc.
 Ultimate doom: Raising little basketball players
 Pet peeve: Susie Hurst
 High point of school career: Passing a Grade 12 History exam
 Postimes: Waiting for Jim and trying to get even with Susie Hurst
 Favourite saying: "Hi, Jim"
 Ten years from now: Training little basketball players in the back yard
 Final remarks: I don't understand how it could be so cold in the classrooms and so hot in the office!

**KAY FRANCIS**

Ambition: Nursing
 Ultimate doom: Scrubbing floors at St. Joseph's Hospital
 Pet peeve: People who call me "President of the B.B.B."
 High point of school career: Holding hands with Mr. Fisher after school in the gym
 Favourite saying: "Honest, I don't like John!"
 Postimes: Dave, visiting the doctor
 Often seen: In a cast and on crutches
 Final remarks: That's life

**NANCY "GEORGE" GEORGE**

Ambition: To play "Peter Pan" in Walt Disney cartoons
 Ultimate doom: Writing stories for Nelson's year book
 Pet peeve: No smoking lounges in Nelson High
 High point of school career: A month's Christmas holidays
 Favourite saying: "Gog, will ya stop rushing me?"
 Postimes: OAK, cheering for Waterdown, praising Mike
 Often seen: Wearing a shag haircut, following Gog down slippery hill, with Mike
 Final remarks: "Long Live Little Caesar!"

CORINNE GERHARDT

Ambition: To find a guy that can dance the Merengue
 Ultimate doom: University
 Pet peeve: These polar climates!
 High point of school career: Getting into the Honour Society -shat a shock!
 Favourite saying: "Haven't they got a heater here?"
 Postimes: Singing jazz
 Often heard: "Blonde hair? Blue eyes? Yum, I like!"
 Ten years from now: Reading Shakespeare in my sailingboat
 Final remarks: I am a New Canadian-South American - Dutchgirl!!

FRED HASKELL

Ambition: To become Jack Benny's accountant
 Ultimate doom: Examining figures (numbers)
 Pet peeve: Figures (numbers)
 High point of school career: 103 lb. rosslin' champ
 Favourite saying: "I didn't do 'nothing' last night, Joe"
 Postimes: Thinking, studying, and homework
 Often seen: Looking over other types of figures (curvy type)
 Final remarks: Any time Melvin Rutton can get down to my weight, I will make it possible for him to fulfill his ambition.

NANCY HAYWARD

Ambition: Math and Science teacher armed with yardstick
 Ultimate doom: First lady Prime Minister of Sandwich Isles
 High point of school career: PM., coaching champion midgets
 Postimes: Talking long distance to Port Credit, Parliament, Gym Club, etc. . .
 Motto: "Vivamus otque omamus-and where there's life there's hope."
 Final remarks: It's been quite an experience and I'll be back for more in five years.

JOHN HEJNO

Ambition: None
 Ultimate doom: Crushed by falling Pyramid
 Pet peeve: People with pet peeves
 High point of school career: Finally leaving
 Favourite saying: "No time for that now; it's too late, it's dissolved"
 Often seen: Obtaining admit slips
 Final remarks: "If it were done when 'tis done
 Then 'twere well
 If it were done quickly."

WILLIAM D. HERD

Ambition: Accountant
 Ultimate doom: Bookie
 Pet peeve: Grade 9 "queens"; short skirts and long legs
 High point of school career: Summer, Christmas, Easter
 Favourite saying: "Enjoy life, you won't get out alive"
 Ten years from now: See me then and I'll tell you
 Final remarks: I wonder if they have a pension plan here

**SUE HURST**

Ambition: To teach Mr. McGow Geometry
 Ultimate doom: Lumumba's private nurse
 Pet peeve: That cruel Mr. Price and Geoggie's cold room
 High point of school career: Need I say it, Helen, Gerry of Brian?
 Favourite saying: "Oh no, not you, Susie Foster!"
 Pastimes: Band, sorority
 Often seen: Hiding from Mr. Rodgers

MARGARET HEWITT

Ambition: To own centre reds on the east side
 Ultimate doom: "Teaching Gregory to read"
 Pet peeve: The B.B.C.
 High point of school career: Checking out at 2:35
 Favourite saying: "Guess who scored a goal?"
 Pastimes: Playing the record; praising Kennedy
 Often seen: Laughing in the cafeteria
 Ten years from now: Projectionist at the "Roxy"
 Final remarks: Who was Francis Hincks, anyway?

**GILBERT JOHNSON**

Ambition: Spaceman
 Pet peeve: Rutton
 Ultimate doom: Minister of Internal Affairs in the Congo
 Favourite saying: "I'll bash you, I'll bash you good; I'm getting all het up!"
 Pastimes: Homework
 Often seen: It's a possibility
 Ten years from now: Stark raving mad
 Philosophy: If I can't take it with me, I won't go!

DOUG HINES

Ambition: To go through the Radio College of Canada
 Ultimate doom: Who knows, but I can guess
 High point of school career: Passing Grade 12 History, June 1960
 Favourite saying: I think I'll quit smoking
 Often seen: With Carol
 Ten years from now: Old

**JERRY KILBY**

Ambition: To be a revolutionist
 Ultimate doom: Marriage
 Pet peeve: The world today (problems)
 High point of school career: Paying off my car; finding out what an ovule strobilus is
 Favourite saying: "Hope it will start"
 Pastimes: Basketball, tennis, revolutions
 Often seen: Eating potato chips
 Ten years from now: Leading a revolution
 Final remarks: Need money for guns and potato chips

RON "GARNIE" HOLMES

Ambition: Yukon Biologist
 Ultimate doom: Trying Iroquois haircuts on captured glow-worms
 Pet peeve: Check that!
 High point of school career: C/O Nelson High Anti-machine gun squad
 Favourite saying: "What a wretched batch of homework last night, eh, Melvin?"
 Pastimes: Football, ping pong, basketball
 Ten years from now: Looking for dew worms on the DEW line
 Final remarks: "Never let school interfere with most glorious education"

**NORA KVORIAK**

Ambition: Teacher - to sing on Dick Clark Show
 Ultimate doom: New clothes, new car, new name!
 Pet peeve: Being called "Crockpot" by F.S.
 Favourite saying: "Are you kidding?"
 Pastimes: Writing hillbilly songs
 Often seen: In the back room with Frank
 High point of school career: Playing No. 56 on the football team and being tackled by Nancy Hayward

MARGARET HOVANEC

Ambition: To ski better
 Ultimate doom: Skiing worse; teaching
 Pet peeve: Revising minutes or agendas; tow fees
 High point of school career: Speaker of Student Parliament
 Favourite saying: "Next year, Matterhorn!"
 Pastimes: Bocking into Carson's driveway
 Often seen: Arriving at 11 AM; leaving at 2 PM
 Ten years from now: Finally able to afford tow charge
 Final remarks: I miss Arlene!

**GAY LAKIN**

Ambition: To look my age
 Ultimate doom: A young 85
 Pet peeve: No comment!
 High point of school career: Milkman at noon
 Nickname: Friar Tuck
 Favourite saying: "Who, me?"
 Pastimes: Driving around B.H.S.
 Often seen: Day dreaming
 Ten years from now: Still curling and cutting George's hair
 Final remarks: "The younger you look the better!"

RONALD LEIGHTON

Ambition: Veterinarian
 Ultimate doom: Making love to a French Poodle
 Pet peeve: French
 High point of school career: June, 1961
 Favourite saying: "What do you think of the present day administration?
 Ten years from now: Doing as little as possible, for as long as I can get away with it
 Pastimes: Chess
 Often seen: Doing nothing
 Final remarks: What a nightmare

**MARILYN McDONALD**

Ambition: Nursery teacher at Ridley
 Ultimate doom: Sharing an apartment with several cats
 Pet peeve: School dances
 Favourite saying: "Oh to heck with this!"
 Pastimes: Doing homework
 Ten years from now: Graduate nursery teacher
 Final remarks: Three more years of this and then watch the sparks fly!

ERNIE "LOUIE" LOVE

Ambition: 13 - finitum
 Ultimate doom: 13 - ad infinitum
 Pet peeve: "9 subjects ruins the night-life"
 Favourite saying: "Is that a fact. . ."
 Pastimes: Poker, girls, Toronto
 Often seen: Watching what walks best
 High point of school career: Compared to after school - pretty bleak
 Ten years from now: Doing what I'm doing 10 years from now
 Final remarks: With a language like that, the Romans deserve to be extinct!

**HELEN MONTGOMERY**

Ultimate doom: Keeping the world physically fit
 Pet peeve: Eating lunch eighth period
 High point of school career: Just ask Sue, Gerry, or Brian
 Pastimes: Hiding Sue from Mr. Rodgers while she eats her lunch
 Often seen: Running to catch Mr. Norton's bus
 Ten years from now: Back in high school enforcing rules instead of breaking them
 Final remarks: Who said you can't sit in 5 degree temperatures from 9 'til 4?

HEINZ LYCKLAMA

Ambition: To study at McMaster
 Ultimate doom: Working
 High point of school career: Wrestling
 Favourite saying: "Wish I could drop English"
 Pastimes: Sports - cross-country, baseball 11
 Often seen: In school (too often)
 Ten years from now: Being what I will be
 Final remarks: I'll be glad when July comes

**BRIAN K. MORRIS**

Ambition: Learning
 Ultimate doom: Day dreaming
 Pet peeve: Language teachers
 Favourite saying: "Nothing"
 Ten years from now: Still learning

RICHARD MAY

Ambition: Pro-hockey with the New York Rangers
 Ultimate doom: Sharpening skates, taping sticks for some New York farm club
 Pet peeve: Cheap hockey sticks from J.G.
 High point of school career: Carrying attendance form to office every morning for Mr. Jones
 Ten years from now: Quarterbacking the Pittsburgh Pirates
 Pastimes: Sports, sports, sports, and sometimes girls
 Often seen: Eating lunch third period
 Ten years from now: Quarterbacking the Pittsburgh Pirates
 Final remarks: Censored!

**CAROLYNN MORRIS**

Ambition: To catch me a Cornell man
 Ultimate doom: Being caught by the Cornell man
 Pet peeve: Ron Holmes
 Favourite saying: "Oh, really!"
 Pastimes: Taking quick hops to Cornell University
 Often seen: Eating lunch at odd hours
 Ten years from now: Chief cook and diaper changer
 High point of school career: The day Ron Holmes put me in a garbage pail and set me on the cafeteria table

WILLIAM "TINKER" MAY

Ambition: Airline pilot
 Ultimate doom: Crash-diving a Piper Cub
 Pet peeve: Low ceiling; zero visibility; concussions
 Favourite saying: "Now when I was at Waterdown..."
 Pastimes: Jane and flying
 Final remarks: Ineed

**EILA PARSSINEN**

Ambition: To get a Mrs. degree
 Pet peeve: People who call me Laila
 High point of school career: 92 in Math
 Favourite saying: "Hey, Fellers! No homework tonight!"
 Interests: Y.F.C. walking, piano, swimming, singing
 Often seen: Laughing in the cafeteria at noon
 Assets: Naive
 Peculiarities: A Russian princess

LAILA PARSSINEN

Ultimate doom: Elementary school teacher
 High point of school career: June 1961
 Interests: Young Peoples, Youth for Christ, piano, driving
 Final remarks: The smallest deed is better than the greatest intention

**MEL RUTTAN**

Ambition: Wrestle Fred Haskell
 Ultimate doom: Garbage Collector: \$20.00 a week and all I can eat!
 Pet peeve: Johnson!
 Favourite saying: "W....h....y not?"
 Postimes: After-school classes
 Often seen: Yes
 Ten years from now: Grade 13
 Philosophy: "If I can't take it with me, I'm not going!"

JERRY PICKETT

Ambition: Head Manager at Eaton's
 Ultimate doom: Running out of air at 100 feet
 Pet peeve: "But I can't dance!"
 Favourite saying: "Get outta here!"
 Postimes: Curling, skindiving, girls
 Often seen: Talking to Joanne

**NANCY RYDER**

Ambition: Lawyer, and/or understudy for Gino Lolli brigido
 Pet peeve: High water fountains in the new wing
 High point of school career: Cleaning gym floor after Sadie Howkin's Dance
 Favourite saying: "But I'm not on my knees!"
 Postimes: O.A.K., cheerleading, Little Theater
 Often seen: If you look hard enough
 Ten years from now: 28
 Nickname: "Winkie"
 Weakness: No.41
 Final remarks: There must be a faster way to do it

GRAHAME B. RICHARDS

Ambition: To live in California
 Ultimate doom: Dying in California
 Nickname: "Duke"
 Postimes: Gamma Delta Psi
 Often seen: Sleeping
 Ten years from now: Playboy
 High point of school career: Passing Grade 13 Algebra
 Favourite saying: "Use your head, it's the small things that count"
 Final remarks: Keep frowning, you'll get credit for thinking

**LYNDA SACKRIDER**

Ambition: School teacher
 Pet peeve: Western supporters
 High point of school career: Getting out! (I hope!)
 Favourite saying: "Sir, I disagree!"
 Often seen: Vomping Frank
 Postimes: Malcolm, defending McMaster against Western
 Ten years from now: Analyzing my own favourite novelist
 Final remarks: If I had it to do over again, I wouldn't!

AGNES ROSE

Ultimate doom: Old maid
 Pet peeve: Phys. Ed.
 Postimes: Swimming, canoeing, plunking on the piano
 Weakness: Cats

**JOHN SECKAR**

Ambition: Engineer with G.M.
 Ultimate doom: Engineer in a wheelbarrow factory
 Pet peeve: Irrational values of "x"
 Favourite saying: "You're all wrong"
 Postimes: Thinking about what other people think
 Final remarks: You can save more by spending it now, than by saving it and spending it later.

ROBERT RUSK

Nickname: "Rusky"; "Tiger"
 Ambition: Wrestle lady wrestlers
 Ultimate doom: Watching lady wrestlers
 Pet peeve: English
 High point of school career: Christmas holidays; inspecting corners
 Favourite saying: "Whot d'ya say?"
 Postimes: Talking people into and out of things
 Often seen: Talking, wrestling, laughing
 Ten years from now: Manufacturing "hypo"
 Final remarks: "I want a rematch!"

**ELAINE SINGLETON**

Ambition: A degree in Science at Toronto
 Ultimate doom: Educated soda-jerk
 Pet peeve: People who wear Russian Cossack hats
 High point of school career: Being able to pass Latin
 Favourite saying: "I heard from Lizzie yesterday!"
 Ten years from now: Still trying to pass Latin

FRANCES SMITH

Ambition: To be toller than my younger sister
 Ultimate doom: Juggling pots and pons
 Pet peeve: Being on time
 High point of school career: Passing
 Favourite saying: "Oh, shaaat"
 Pastimes: Bond, Herb, homework
 Often seen: In a green car
 Ten years from now: Raising little Herbies
 Final remarks: Good-bye.

**KAREL SURY**

Interests: Music, basketball, track and field, girls
 Favourite saying: "You're nuts, Gordie"
 Often seen: In the detention room
 Ten years from now: Teaching French to Mrs. Moyer
 High point of school career: Taking 15 girls in the History Club to a Y.W.C.A. dance
 Ultimate doom: Being a bachelor-for obvious reasons
 Ambition: To take 30
 Nicknames: "Stardust", "Horemer"

FRANK SMITH

Ambition: To beat Whipper Watson
 Ultimate doom: Marriage
 High point of school career: Breaking my nose on the grid-iron
 Pastimes: Going to the bank
 Often seen: In the bank room with Nedra
 Ten years from now: Own the bank
 Final remarks: I'll be back next year

**MARILYN TREGUNNO**

Ambition: To learn French in 10 easy lessons
 Ultimate doom: Teaching revised French at McGill
 Pet peeve: Compulsive window-openers
 High point of school career: Passing Phys. Ed.
 Pastimes: Telethons, typing History notes
 Often seen: Laughing, clock-watching
 Ten years from now: Still clock-watching
 Final remarks: "Silence is unnatural!"

LYNDA SMITH

Ambition: To be a educated world traveller
 Ultimate doom: Teaching languages and Phys. Ed. at Nelson
 High point of school career: Picking up my diploma and school letter on the way to lunch
 Favourite saying: "Frank is so my brother!"
 Pastimes: All sports, Pres. Drama Society, Parliament
 Pet peeve: Short people
 Often seen: In a hurry and late for Latin
 Ten years from now: Still mixing Helena Rubenstein's "Ravishing Red"

**JOHN VISSER**

Ambition: Lawyer
 Ultimate doom: French
 Pet peeve: Morg Corson's contact lenses
 High point of school career: Getting into Grade 13
 Pastimes: Curling and Nancy
 Often seen: Driving a red Studebaker
 Ten years from now: Truck Driver
 Final remarks: Took Grade 13 in 5 years

NOELLE STUTT

Ambition: To convince Morg that Duff is married
 Ultimate doom: Teacher
 Pet peeve: Being called "Bushwacker"
 Favourite saying: "He is so married!"
 Pastimes: Hockey
 Often seen: Playing cards with gloves on
 Ten years from now: Assistant projectionist at the "Roxey"
 Final remarks: Yeo Mohovlich!

**JANE WEIR**

Ambition: Grandmother
 Ultimate doom: The Godless Eternity
 Pet peeve: The frigid temperature in the school
 Favourite saying: "Mi tiu frio" (Papiamento - "I am cold")
 Often seen: At motorcycle scrambles

NORM STUTT

Ambition: To raise beetles for the cause of Science
 Pet peeve: Too numerous to mention
 High point of school career: Grade 11
 Favourite saying: "That you, Charlie?"
 Pastimes: Painting, fishing, etc.
 Ten years from now: Picking cotton near New Orleans
 Final remarks: Also too numerous to mention

**REBECCA "BECKIE" WETTLAUFER**

Ambition: Nursing at Hospital for Sick Children
 Ultimate doom: Bed-pon duty
 Pet peeve: Waiting for letters from Winnipeg
 High point of school career: Doing Cho-cho, Rhumba and Samba on stage
 Favourite saying: "Faboo!"
 Pastimes: Cheerleading, boys, spores, sleeping
 Often seen: as often as possible
 Ten years from now: You name it I'll be there!
 Final remarks: It was fun, BUT . . .

BOB WILSHIRE

Ambition: Mounted Police
 Ultimate doom: North West Territories
 High point of school career: A paint job at B.H.S.
 Pet peeve: "Why must I stay when I have no classes?"
 Pastimes: Are you kidding?
 Often seen: Harewood, the Glen, (in cowboy boots)
 Ten years from now: Still with the Eskimos
 Final remarks: Thank God it's over!
 Favourite saying: "But Gag, you're doing it the hard way"

**ELLIE BYL**

Ambition: Secretary for KLM Airline President
 Ultimate Doom: Raising and breeding "ROSES"
 Pet peeve: People who say librarians are usually "old maids"
 High point of school career: Honour Society, Graduation
 Favourite Saying: Did you see him? Did you see him? I did!
 Pastimes: Sports, dances, worrying
 Often seen: Sitting in main foyer during 10 minute break

**JESSIE DE BOER**

Ambition: Private secretary for executive
 Ultimate Doom: Reading shorthand for Isaac Pitman
 Pet Peeve: Giving wild weekend parties
 High point of school career: Graduation
 Favourite saying: "Watch it, will yah!"
 Pastimes: Bowling, babysitting, swimming
 Ten years from now: Still saving for New York trip
 Final remarks: If at first you don't succeed, don't bother trying again

**SUSAN HAYWARD**

Ambition Secretary of a Millionaire
 High point in school career: Graduation
 Favourite saying: But I am the real Susan Hayward
 Pastimes: Sports, records and dancing
 Ten years from now: Meeting the six girls from C12 pushing baby carriages
 Final remarks: It's better to be a failure at something that might succeed than to be a success at something that might fail

**PAT JARVIS**

Ambition: Private secretary in a surgical ward
 Ultimate doom: Testing pizza pie
 Pet peeve: Brains!!
 High point in school career: Dropping shorthand
 Favourite saying: I don't care what anybody says but . . .
 Pastimes: Writing letters to Tony
 Often seen: Flying out of school at 3:15
 Ten years from now: Wife of a lawyer
 Final remarks: Its a cruel world!

SHIRLEY KENESKY

Ambition: To be an Ice Ca-Pet
 Ultimate doom: Hockey coach for the Kenesky Kids
 Pet peeve: Education
 High point in school career: Quitting before Xmas exams
 Favourite saying: There's no business like show business
 Pastimes: Sports, dancing, sewing, leading C.G.I.T.
 Often seen: Laughing
 Ten years from now: Back end of a skating horse in the ice Capades
 Final remarks: Even gay blades sometimes get dull

SHARYN RICHARDSON

Ambition: Private secretary to "Tray Donahue"
 Ultimate doom: Private secretary to the "Flintstone"
 Pet peeve: Being at the end of the lunch line
 High point of school career: Graduating
 Favourite saying: Is that right?
 Pastimes: Shaws, dances, Big Four football games
 Ten years from now: Still looking for employment
 Final Remarks: All's well that ends well

MAUREEN WEST

Ambition: Private secretary to Henry Ford
 Ultimate doom: Putting the left front wheel on Ford cars
 Pet peeve: People who aren't built that way
 High point of school career: Jessie's wild class party
 Favourite saying: Da you want a punch?
 Pastimes: Shopping sprees
 Often seen: Wearing a different sweater every day
 Ten years from now: Knitting sweaters in Scotland
 Final remarks: I tried it with a frown, but I made it

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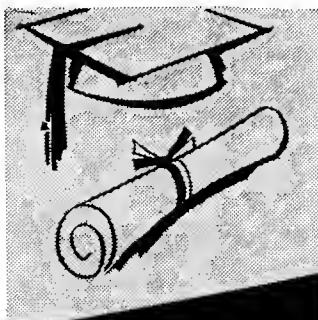
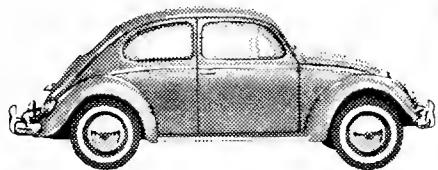
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My Symphony

To live content with small means, to seek elegance rather than luxury and refinement rather than fashion; to study hard, think quietly, speak gently and act frankly; to listen to stars and birds, babes and sages with an open heart; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never -- in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common. This is to be my Symphony.

LITERARY

JOURNAL



M. MARSHALL

SENIOR PRIZE ESSAY

HOCKEY DAYS

When I look back over the years, I find that all my happiest memories are associated with hockey. For almost fifteen of my twenty-three years I have been either playing or coaching hockey.

I still shiver when I think of crawling out of my warm, comfortable bed on a cold morning to go to hockey practice. I would stumble down the dark hall towards the kitchen where I'd make my breakfast, which was always the same on hockey mornings: eggs, juice and toast. Then I'd grope my way down the basement stairs to get my skates and equipment. Somehow, on my way up I'd always manage to drop my skates down the stairs and I'd hear a few, muffled curses from the bedroom: "Can't that kid do anything without making a racket!"

Once outside in the dark, silent streets, with the cold, crisp wind whistling through my coat, I'd begin to think of all those people warm and snug in their beds and I'd shiver a bit more and walk a little faster. Even the bleak, smelly arena would seem cozy after the cold miserable walk. The curses and swearing of my teammates, the stench of the dressing room, would be familiar and enjoyable to me. When I'd jump onto the ice, I'd forget the cold walk and all the other petty discomforts of the morning. I was doing what I liked best. I was completely happy.

As I grew older and the defencemen grew bigger, hockey lost a little of its charms. One thing that I noticed as I progressed through the ranks was the increasing size of the defencemen. The biggest and meanest of these was Joe Graham, who played for the Hornets. He was huge and it seemed to me that his sole purpose in playing hockey was to crush smaller players. He was at least six feet two inches in height and weighed nearly two hundred and twenty pounds and to me he looked like the Great Wall of China coming down the ice. I'll never forget the night we were playing against his team for the championship. I was sailing down the ice, with all my attention focused on the puck, when suddenly, a great green bulk loomed in front of me. As I raised my head, I could see that it was Graham, bearing down on me at full speed, with his stick raised. I felt a sudden jarring impact, and the next thing I knew I was lying on a bench in the dressing room with a cold cloth on my head.

Now, I no longer play myself, but I coach the small players in the peewee league. When I watch the little fellows slipping and sliding around the arena on their ankles, I think of how important I felt a number of years ago doing the same thing. The boys are so eager to learn, and so serious that I put forth an extra effort not to laugh at their falling and poor skating. Last Saturday morning, Paul, one of the youngsters

on my team scored his first goal of the season. He wobbled in over the blue line and whacked the puck in the general direction of the net. As he did this, he lost his balance and tripped over his own skates and almost slid into the net himself. Meanwhile, the puck bounced off the goaltender's stick, hit the post and deflected into the net. His proud grin, as he made his way back to the bench by way of the boards will be one of my most pleasant memories in hockey.

The good-natured banter, the noise and confusion of the dressing rooms, the unmistakable arena odours: a blending of hot dogs, ammonia, sweat and wet wool; all these are part of my hockey days.

Mike Doyle, 12A

SENIOR PRIZE POEM

THE MYSTERY OF THE SEA

Many a time
I have looked at the sea
And wondered what distant
Realms there could be
Hidden beneath the
Immortal deep.

Many a time
I have watched it with awe
And seen the big breakers
Thunder ashore
Like many white chargers
So strong and free.

Many a time
It has frightened me
To think of the mysteries
Under the sea,
Many a time
So long ago.

--Jennifer Amos, 11A.

SENIOR PRIZE SHORT STORY

THE PROFESSOR

I can't actually explain my reasons for hating him. There wasn't any one thing; rather it was a combination of everything about him that I found irritating. At the beginning of the autumn term, I tolerated him; by the New Year, I thought of him as mildly obnoxious; but by the time spring arrived, I detested everything connected with him and the subject he taught.

He was a professor of ancient history, as dried up as the lectures he gave. His ugliness infuriated me for some reason. I suppose, being an artist, I instinctively disliked anything lacking beauty. His enormous protruding

stomach contrasted incongruously with his skeletal hands and thin, scrawny neck. His eyes were little and mean and rimmed with red, sunken deeply in his face above an angularly hooked nose. His whole head, in fact, reminded me so much of a skull, with its horrible eyes, grinning, leering mouth, yellowed parchment skin and fringe of dingy hair like a medieval monk's, that I couldn't bear to look at him, and spent most of the history lessons staring at the cracks in the floor.

His personality had no redeeming qualities about it either. In every way it paralleled his appearance. Oh, he was, I suppose, a genius of sorts, but callous and hard. He delighted in directing especially difficult questions at students who were having trouble keeping their heads above water, as far as history was concerned, and when he was answered, he would gleefully reduce the stammered reply to shreds. He seemed to enjoy making other people uncomfortable. I can't remember how many times that inane giggle sent a shiver down my back.

Every year, during the first week or so in May, he conducted an outing, a week-end of nature study, up to the mountains. Through the years it had become a kind of ritual. He and ten or fifteen students, all boys, would take along sleeping bags and camping equipment, and spend three days looking for fossils and arrowheads, or other relics. I think perhaps in the back of his mind he was thinking of finding some lost Indian city that would make him famous. I went because I like the mountains. By a little planning, I contrived to stay as far away from him as possible. The only times I was actually compelled to return to camp were meal-times, and at night. I spent a lot of time just sitting on the edges of the fragile shale cliffs looking at the sky. I never got close enough to see right down to the valleys because the edges, crumbling from years of wind and rain, were likely to collapse under my weight.

That one time, though, I couldn't avoid him. He came up beside me on the lip of the gorge, while I was watching the purple elongated shadows advance as the sun sank. I could imagine how it would feel if I were to touch him; he would be like a skeleton covered with soggy sponge rubber. But I got a wild pleasure out of being so close to him, almost touching him. I don't think I have ever hated anyone as I hated him at that moment. I edged closer. My hand rose. I don't remember telling it to move, but suddenly it was on his back. I could feel his ribs and his backbone and his flabby flesh through the coat. I pushed forward as hard as I could. I saw the expression of pure terror on his face mingle with surprise as he bounced like a rag doll down the black rock.

Then as the ground tilted crazily under me, I remembered--the shale!

Elizabeth Walker, 11C

TO A SNAKE

What Mind could have dreamed you,
So utterly thoughtless?
(O long slender spindle)
Fashioned so pointlessly,
Scaly and slimy;
From what unearthly,
Fire-drenched clay-bank?
Who moulded, who stretched you
From pliable plastic?
No God could have made you--
A thing so fearful;
Nor moulded, nor stretched you
From soft-melted plastic
To the terror of man.
Satan could have thought you,
So venomous, deadly;
Wickedly, firmly
Rounded and lengthened;
Etched in scale pattern
With his acid of evil
And his pencil of sin.

--Peggy Smith, 11A.

JUNIOR PRIZE SHORT STORY

THE WILL OF GOD

The dinner had been good, and the conversation stimulating. Everyone had been talking politely to his neighbours until Mr. Swanson brought down his mallet, and at once everyone became silent. President Swanson then introduced the guest speaker.

This man was around thirty-five years of age and quite good-looking. His bushy, red hair and mustache to match made him appear younger than the lines across his forehead showed him to be. But it was his voice--so sincere and full of feeling, as if it were alive -- that told his story. He began something like this:

"If you do not believe in miracles and the faith of God, then you are now listening to a dead man."

At this, even young Ron Peterson looked mildly interested, and I resolved to see if he would stay awake for any of this mutiny.

"However," continued the speaker, "as you may have gathered, I am not dead, and furthermore I, myself, am a miracle because of the will of God.

"On September the fourth of last year, a well-known doctor, whom I respect very much told me that I had three months to live--absolutely no more. You see, I had cancer of a very serious and rare nature. It had progressed quite far and the medical men had no hopes of saving my life.

"How do you feel when you know that soon your life will be cut off as a tap can be turned off when the glass is only half full? During the

next few days I just went through the motions of living. But how can you go to work and make a business transaction which cannot possibly come through for a few months when you are aware that you will not be here by that time? I would pick up my paper at night and the words, 'Well-known and respected resident of local town dies of cancer,' would pierce through me. Turning to the comics for a bit of relief, I could not help but notice the columns of 'BIRTHS' and 'DEATHS' on the opposite page. Every mystery, drama, or even comedy on television shouted of death. Death by murder, death by automobile accident, death by illness. No matter what form it took, it was all the same dreaded death."

At this point, our guest, who was leaning far over the table, straightened, and I could clearly see the agony in his heart. The difficulties of this period were written in the beads of perspiration on his face, on the deepened lines across his forehead and in the deep, even tone of his voice.

But then his face relaxed and his next words seemed like the second act of a play where the scenery had been completely changed. His voice became lighter and he continued,

"Then one night I decided that I wanted to see my last Christmas. According to my time limit, I would not quite make it, but I was thinking of that less and less. I talked of what we would do during our Christmas holidays and kept myself busy by choosing gifts very carefully--a thing which my wife had always taken care of in other years and I just took it for granted that I would share these plans. Well, I made Christmas and New Year's too! For me it was a wonderful season. Of course, I am well aware that I received extra attention, but, being perfectly normal in most respects, I thrived on it.

"Until then my illness had not caused me too much trouble. However, around the middle of January, I became violently sick. I was taken to the hospital for three weeks and then allowed to recuperate at home. During the next few months I was continually up and down at irregular intervals.

"Then a new thought began to shape in my mind. My wife was expecting our first child in April, and I would give anything to see my baby. The doctor had given me three months, and already it was over five; so why couldn't I hold on for just a while longer?

"But this thought soon vanished as a storm shuts out the sun, for on February the twenty-seventh the hospital accepted me into a ward of gloom and painful waiting. My wife was told that it was all a matter of time. I was being given transfusions every day, and I was slowly seeping into the unknown beyond. This continued for a few weeks, and then one night I fell asleep, and it was almost certain that I would never awaken. Virginia, God bless her, stayed all

night, and around three in the morning several other relatives arrived. It was just as the few dull streaks of dawn were beginning to cast shadows on the same dull ward walls that--so I am told--I raised my head, and in what was surely my last sign of life said, "Oh, Lord, I am going to live!"

"And live I did! For although a long period of waiting and watching followed, I did see my newborn son and today I can carry on as a normal man. As is often the case, I didn't realize how valuable my life was until I almost lost it."

The story was soon closed and the spell-bound audience relaxed for the first time since the speaker arose. That is, all but one member. Young Peterson still sat stiffly in his chair and it was obvious to everyone what must have passed through his mind. For, you see, it was only last week that a well-known and highly respected doctor had said,

"I'm sorry, Mr. Peterson, but with your type of rare cancer we can give you only three months, at the most, to live."

Judy Wiertz, 10D

JUNIOR PRIZE POEM

PINE LULLABY

Swaying, swaying,
Soft as a lullaby,
Rock me to sleep, oh pine,
Whisper your sigh.

Drooping, drooping,
Watch like a mother's eyes,
Cradle my sleep, oh pine,
Beneath the sky.

Whistling, whistling,
Smooth as a swan,
Guard me with care, oh pine,
Make my fears gone.

--Lee Lakeman

DANCING SCHOOL

Although I hate thinking of that day, I don't suppose that I shall ever be able to forget it. I was eleven years old at the time, freckle-faced, curly-haired and the "terror" of Rosefield Street. Therefore you can understand my complete amazement when one day my mother asked me, "How would you like to go to dancing school?" I don't know why she asked me, for she never gave me a chance to answer; she just left the thought in my mind for a few days, probably in some desperate hope that I might possibly like the idea. Although I tried to avoid mother those next few days, she cornered me

and before she had said even one word, I knew that I was on my way to Dancing School.

On the day of my first lesson, my mother spent two hours trying to arrange me into the form of what she considered a well-dressed, well-behaved little gentleman and then I was escorted to the school by my father. We entered a large, plain, drab building, which had a great number of steps. We were met by the head of the school, Miss Lightfoot. Now, for those of you who have heard the expression, "you have to see it to believe it", this was one time that it really applied, for her appearance was in direct contrast to her name. She was an elderly woman of about.....well, she was really old, rather tall and very, very big! She spoke to us in a high-pitched voice to which I didn't pay much attention as I was busy associating myself with the surroundings. However, I did hear my father say, "Fine, thanks, three-thirty", and realized with horror that I would have to remain here for two and a half hours.

Like a lamb to the slaughter, I was led by the hand to a large, spacious room at the far end of the building. Here to my dismay, I saw other boys my own age stumbling around on the floor in a disorganized mass, but what made it even worse was that they were dancing with G-I-R-L-S! Right there and then I wanted to leave, but just as I turned around to go, I felt my arm jerk and remembered that Miss Lightfoot still had my hand. Therefore, I had no alternative but to march onward, and take what was coming to me in my stride.

My dancing instructor, a rather amiable woman, was quite short and frail with a very soft voice, probably worn out through the constant repetition of "Back two, side one, front one, etc."

When I was first introduced to her, she led me to the group, introduced me to a few of my 'fellow-sufferers', and then proceeded to find me a partner. Now this really became a problem, for when she asked the girls who would like to dance with me, I scowled and made faces at them, changing any possible notions that they might have had. Unfortunately, however, one girl was not affected by my attempts, and so I ended up with a dancing partner, six inches taller than myself and at least sixty pounds heavier.

The first dance that we tried to learn was the waltz. Now with my only sense of rhythm being that of a T.V. Indian War Dance, I had a lot of trouble. It seemed that after each dance had ended, I would find myself twisted into such a position that if someone were suddenly to sneeze or close a door, I would fall over. As for my partner, she would be towering over me, smirking to herself as if she had accomplished something. However, I made up my mind not to let her get the better of me, and after a few weeks, I had reached the peak of my success in mastering the waltz. This consisted of three different, yet basic steps, performed in a radius

of no more than three feet. Now, at the end of each dance, I ended up quite stable, probably owing to the fact that I hung on a little tighter.

The next dance that we attempted to master was the Tango. I don't know why, but this was one dance that I really enjoyed. Perhaps the music reminded me of those Indian television programmes, for I used to pretend that I was doing an Indian war dance around my partner. Unfortunately for me, however, this thorough enjoyment placed me at the head of the class as far as the Tango was concerned, and therefore, I was compelled to perform at the next concert. The concert took place the following Saturday, with a great number of parents present, all eager to watch their 'beloved offspring' perform. After two or three demonstrations, it was my turn, and so I plodded out to the centre of the stage, lost in the portentous shadow of my partner, with my head downcast. For the dance, our instructor had made costumes for us, mine consisting of a coloured shirt and a pair of tight trousers. We started off well, but suddenly as I took one of the long, first-beat steps, my pants ripped! With a frantic gesture, I practically carried my partner in quick steps to the nearest exit, where with a sudden burst of speed, I fled and sought the darkest corner, that I could possibly find.

It took my parents a few weeks to get me back to Dancing School, as these first few weeks had really been enough for me. However, I retrieved what was left of my self-confidence, but I must admit that unfortunately, when I returned, I lost that too. Therefore, you can see how my Dancing School days will never be forgotten.

David Ferguson, 12A

THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

When I was in my early teens
I heard a teacher say,
"Work hard, my son,
While life is young,
For weeks and months and years will go,
And you will find, before you know,
The time you need no longer yours."

Too young I was, perhaps, to grasp
The import of these words,
For as I fooled my time away
Upon the selfish isle of "Me,"
The Lord looked down,
And as a price,
Claimed a portion of my life.

--Addison Tallman, 11A.

A TYPICAL TEXAS ROMANCE

One summer down in Dallas,
Two lovers had a hope;
Tex and Dancehall Gertie
Were going to elope.
Then through the door came Six-Gun Pete,
The toughest man in town.
"You stole my gal, Tex; step outside--
We're havin' a showdown!"
Tex, 'though a champion gunman,
Knew Pete was mighty fast;
When Pete yelled, "Draw!" he drew his gun
To fight him to the last.
Only one stood on the street now--
The other was not alive.
Then the director of the movie
Said, "Okay, gang, take five."

--Graham Thomas, 9E.

THE ACCIDENT

It was raining, typical weather for San Francisco. For four hours it had been raining, ever since Joseph Clark had left Clark Enterprises for supper. Now he was returning to his new home overlooking the ocean, and the roads were treacherously slippery. He glanced frequently at the dashboard and seemed to be debating with himself. Then he pulled up at the familiar corner gas station.

"Evenin' Mr. Clark! Fill 'er up? Bad night for driving. What keeps you in town so late on Saturday night?" Just a friendly inquiry, but it irked Mr. Clark, he wanted to be on his way.

"A little work at the office, Shorty. A little tidying up.....How much is it?"

Back on the road, he thought of his abrupt conversation with Shorty. Shorty would wonder why he had been so curt, almost impolite. But he had a reason? A little work to be done! Why he had the month's work to recheck, invoices to check, the books to audit.

"I must see the banker tomorrow. We've got to have an extention on that loan! The bank can't foreclose on the mortgage, not now! I'll sell everything, do anything, but I won't lose the business. I won't."

He was nearing the new house--"our mortgage mansion," his wife called it--like everything else, it wasn't paid for. All he had free and clear was his insurance policy, worth twenty-five thousand. That was the one thing he hadn't borrowed on, didn't want to borrow on.

He was almost home. Another mile to go. It was still raining, the continuous splashes of water blurring his vision. As he neared the cliff, he saw the fog rolling in from the Pacific. Now it was getting cold, and he wanted to get home. Now he was doing sixty, then sixty-five, finally eighty. Just one more corner to go, a sharp curve away from the cliff. Just a little farther, just a little faster.

Then he saw the lights, realized he had been driving down the middle of the road. He panicked, tugged the wheel to the right. He thought of the business, of the frustrated letter he had foolishly written to his brother in L.A., of his jokingly telling his wife that death would be better than bankruptcy. When he was going over the cliff, he was screaming. "An accident! It was an accident! I swear...an accident!" The deafening crash, the sounds of shattering glass, of life, of collapsing steel, were lost in the roar of the breakers, the heavy rain.

In Los Angeles, John Clark glanced through his Sunday paper. On the third page, a small byline caught his eye: "San Francisco Businessman Suicides."

Marilyn Tregunno, 13B

BEAUTY

There is beauty in the beginning,
In the shimmering light of dawn;
The pearly dew and jade-green trees
Glisten briefly and soon are gone.

There is beauty in the springtime
When the wondrous jewelled flowers
Unfurl their leaves and petals
And climb to their heavenly bowers.

There is beauty in the winter,
On the purple snow-capped mountains,
Where the deepening drifts and crusted
craggs
Emerge like frosted fountains.

There is beauty on this earth,
Which all the world should see;
But the world will never see it,
If it procrastinates like me!

--Harriet Morningstar, 11A.

THE SEA

The sea is deep and dark and cold,
And no one knows what it will hold--
A graceful Spanish sailing ship
Or a rusted time-aged derelict.
The tide creeps up upon the shore
As the surf beats rocks with an endless roar.
More of the sea's secrets unfold
As she gives them up from her endless hold,
For she has seen many wondrous things
Of adventurers bold and plundering kings.

--Jim Forsyth, 9C.

MY LITTLE BUG

My little bug has the will-power of an ox but she has only the strength of her tiny cousin, Master Motor Bike. She is weak from overwork and she is slowly gaining handicaps.

For the age of ten years, she appears to be very worn. Her once-shiny, baby-blue complexion has acquired many scrapes, rusted bruises and even a few deep gouges. When it rains, her bent eyelids squeak, while they slowly flop from side to side of her small peepers. She lost weight when her spare tire was needed to replace a bald, punctured tire and her back bumper was demolished owing to the carelessness of her next-door neighbour. Two of her directional signals, one at the front and one at the back, are out of commission because she wasn't paying attention to where she was going when parking. Her nose has become shabby and dull, emphasizing her frown of shame and disgust. Also, her insides are beginning to hang out, for her door-stripping no longer is tacked at the edges to keep her warm.

Her mechanism has not enough stored energy to keep her warm and active because of her slow rate of metabolism. She takes the battery charger to bed each night because her voltage regulator is worn out. The battery charger gives her just enough strength to do next day's work. Besides taking her nightly charging prescription, she drinks gas and devours oils and greases continually to give her a little extra pep. She enjoys eating and thinks it is really something to have to take her own battery charger to bed every night, but when it is time for her weekly bath her colour soon changes; in fact, she loses a little more of her colour with each bath, and her bruises and cuts show up more each time. She has a very bad habit of sleeping outside under the stars rather than inside. Even when it is zero weather, she insists on being hummed to sleep by her friend, Mr. Wind.

The little bug is very temperamental. On cold, damp days, she is cranky and stubborn and usually sniffls and whines as well. Some days she refuses to move and it takes a forceful push from behind to get her on the way to school. On the odd day she perks up first thing in the morning and hums little cheery tunes all day long, but these are the only days that I'm certain that she will return home without any trouble. At the moment she has a cold and she coughs, sputts and sneezes at all the neighbours as she crawls by. But if she stays in bed for a few days, she may never be mobile again.

Yes, my little bug is slowly losing her strength and her joints are beginning to squeak with rheumatism, but the longer her will-power holds out, the happier I'll be nursing her and the longer I'll have an almost dependable friend.

A WHOLESOME POUND

Hannigan was off
And O'Hara still to go,
But the bet it was not off
And O'Hara teed just so.

The practice swings were three,
Clouds darkened overhead
The ball she hit a tree,
The sound O'Hara did dread.

He faced the woods with terror
The bet a wholesome pound,
'Twas good luck for O'Hara
The ball it was now found.

O'Hara played it well,
The hole it was a tie,
The other eighteen just as well,
But O'Hara had told a lie.

The ball he found, a Spalding,
His own it was a Rocket;
But Hannigan he dare say nothing,
For the Rocket was in his pocket.

--Ron Bell, 11A.

RODRIGUEZ

Silently he admired the high gloss of the shine he had put on his shoes before leaving the house. The shoes were new; they were black; they were shining. They were "Jet-boots" with gleaming silver studs. He was proud of them. These were not the first pair of this type of boot that he had had, but they were the most expensive.

As he looked at the boots, he remembered the hours he had worked for "Ol' man Crocker" to get the nineteen ninety-eight required to pay for them. Diablo! How he had hated breaking up those big wooden crates. But that was all over now; he had the boots.

He was sure he looked good, leaning against the building, which, in about half an hour's time, would be the scene of the weekly club dance. His tight black "chinos" and T-shirt, his gaudy purple silk jacket with the emblem decorating the back proclaimed him a member of "The Vaqueros", a street gang of the Lower East Side. Because he was expecting to meet Rose, the new girl in the neighbourhood, he wanted to look especially good tonight. He wanted to impress her. His curly black hair had been carefully oiled and combed and his "I hate the world and what are you going to do about it?" look was frozen on his youthful face.

He had seen Rose only fleetingly that morning, but there was one thing that he knew for sure--she was beautiful! Long chestnut hair, finely arched eyebrows, deep sea-green eyes, silky fine eyelashes, pert turned-up nose,

luscious cherry lips, even white teeth, and a full mature figure; that was Rose.

He lit himself a cigarette and drew the smoke deep into his lungs. Just then a figure, coming out of the alley, ambled around the corner of the building. It was Gino, the Italian, who lived next door to Rod. He was dressed the same as Rod but the pseudo-uniform looked rather incongruous on him.

"Hi!" he said through tight lips.

"Hi!"

"Waiting for someone?"

"Yeah."

"Rose?"

"Yeah."

"Nice."

"Yeah. You seen her? Tonight I mean."

"Yeah. She was getting into Dino Morelli's convertible."

"Rose? Dino Morelli?"

"Yeah."

"Gino?"

"Yeah."

"What's Darlene doing tonight?"

Pete Haxton, 11C

THE LAST BUS

"Aren't you ready yet?" Kirk asked with a tone of growing anger. "This bus won't wait you know."

Kirk looked sadly around the room recalling fondly their life together. Today, however, he and his wife were leaving this room, this house, this world forever.

Lynn came hurriedly down the stairs clutching a dark brown suitcase in one hand and a red-headed boy in the other.

"I'm sorry," she whispered as she hurried past him and out of the door.

Kirk methodically closed the windows, turned off the lights, shut the door, and it looked as if it were any Friday night.

His wife took his arm as they crossed the street and turned the corner into the avenue which would take them to the terminal. She began to cry softly now and put her head on his shoulder.

"Why are we so lucky?" she asked as she looked down at the carefree mop of red beside her. Kirk could not think of a sensible answer.

The warm summer air felt clean against his face and carried with it no hint of the impending danger. But still the hair on the back of his neck tingled as he thought of the inevitable.

The street was deserted except for a group of people down by the terminal. From every house they could hear the sounds of lamenting women. He felt much better when they reached the other passengers and boarded the bus. The voices of the people in the bus were lost to him as they pulled away from the terminal and headed north towards the country. He felt so

alone as he thought of the unfortunates who were not making the trip. Kirk's train of thought was broken by the voice of a man in uniform asking for his identification.

"Thank you," he said as Kirk handed his papers to him. "These seem to be in order."

"What time will we arrive?" Lynn asked in an unsteady voice.

"Ten minutes more," was the reply.

Lynn leaned back against the seat holding her son tight. She stared out of the window trying to fix in her memory the sight of stately pines, the flourishing fields and the dim glow of city lights in the distance.

"Why must it end this way?" he replied in a soft, understanding voice.

The bus gradually slowed down and turned off the highway on to a rough but well-travelled side road.

Looking through the front window Kirk could see a conical-shaped vehicle silhouetted against the clear sky. Lynn clutched his hand and held it tight, trying not to show her fear.

"May I have your attention, please?" boomed a voice from the front. "Will you please disembark quickly?"

Lynn hurriedly picked up her son and followed Kirk out of the bus. The night air was full of metallic sounds and the whine of the winch as the elevator rose. Everything was moving rapidly now. The doors clanged shut, the safety belts were fastened, the engines roared, and the rocket slowly pushed itself away from the ground.

Kirk hastily unclipped his safety belt and walked towards the window.

"Come here, Lynn," he said.

She walked over and looked out. Below the earth slowly slipped away. There was a flash, then nothing.

"Oh Kirk!" she choked as she turned away with her face in her hands. "Why? Why?"

Bob Easter, 13B

A PEN PORTRAIT OF A HUNTER NAMED VIC

There he stood before us, a gallant figure in the great outdoors--the mighty hunter--Vic. His clear, cold, eyes were squinted as they scanned the horizon for but a glimpse of the long-eared family. The gaze was heartless, cruel, and cold, for the great hunter has no compassion for the little beasts he does away with, but mostly because his eyes WERE cold. Likewise were his ears, and his nose, and his chin, which, attached to a face in a very red condition, was stuffed into a khaki hunting cap. Similarly cold hands were contained in a pair of leather hunting gloves, and his feet in bulging boots, overfattened by many socks, around which swirled the cutting wind and icy snow. But the coldest part of all was his left leg, revealed by a rent of the largest nature, from hip

to cuff, in his father's brand new thermo-jeans; the result of an attack, no doubt, unfairly made by a jagged piece of nature, upon our valiant hunter. But even if he had lost his pants, he still carried the badge of the mightiest of us all, in the form of a twelve-gauge cannon, which he held at an angle to one side, ever ready to be leveled on some fleeing fury form. But yet there was a glint of success curving the lips of this Arctic fugitive; for about his neck was strung a dead rabbit on a piece of binder twine. Indeed success was upon this hunter's side; but perhaps it wouldn't have been if the rabbit hadn't stopped to laugh.

Bill Bradley, 11E.

DETENTION

Once upon a time (3:15) I trudged with heavy heart to keep my appointment. My appointment was of course that self-inflicted misery called a detention.

I walked into the room and was greeted by a stare that almost reduced me to a state of utter frigidity. I sat down in the very front desk and tried to collect my defences for the bombardment that would surely follow. The siege came, hard, heavy, and hot, but I weathered it.

Miss Doe, in an effort to reform me, decided that a number of pages copied in good writing (this is a physical impossibility for me) would be ample punishment. Fortunately though I am over-susceptible to writer's cramp.

While writing my punishment, I began to dream of the wonderful afternoon I would have the next day in the glorious outdoors--skiing. No more after-school claustrophobia for me. But alas! While thinking these free thoughts, I committed the unforgivable sin of letting a smile touch my lips. Miss Doe saw it and politely informed me that if I thought a detention was something to smile over, she would be glad of my company the next day.

With this announcement my free thoughts for tomorrow afternoon took flight through the open window. It seems one just can't win.

Jane Irvine, 9C.

FRIENDS ARE EVERYWHERE

Early summer in Maywood was always an exciting time of the year for the residents of that tiny mid-western town. The reason for the exciting things being planned--it was graduation week!

Since 1893, when the local High School opened, it had become tradition that the graduating students were guests of the town at Cedar Manor and that the parents and close friends attended a candlelight graduation exercise in the school auditorium.

Another tradition, in the school, was that the Junior classes were host to the Seniors at a picnic-swim at the Cedar Hill farm. As president of the Junior classes, Sue Breton automatically held the Chairman's office for "Grad Day".

Sue was a pert blonde of sixteen with a pleasant smile and pleasing personality. She had lived in Maywood all her life and had grown up with most of the students at Maywood High.

Sue had been busy day in and day out for weeks okaying and rejecting ideas for Grad Day. After all, she wanted the Seniors to remember their special party, and next year she would be a Senior "Queen for a Day" along with the rest of the Senior-to-be class.

The afternoon before the party Sue and Jimmy Galea drove out to Cedar Hill farm to double-check on the few remaining minor details with their hostess, Mrs. Hilbert.

Soon everything was arranged and secure for the arrival of the two bus loads of rejoicing Seniors at exactly ten o'clock -- so she hoped.

Jim drove Sue home; he reminded her that he would call for her at nine o'clock the following morning so that they could see everything went as previously planned and so they could "chaperone" the Seniors.

Sue walked up the sidewalk from Jim's car to her house in a haze of wonderment. How could anyone be so lucky? Everything was going smoothly for tomorrow, and next year she would be a Senior at Maywood High. At last she would be given that place of honor she had wanted four long years.

As soon as she entered the white frame house, Sue detected a feeling of uneasiness. Nonsense. It must be her imagination.

Mr. Breton was seated in his regular straight chair, slippers on, pipe in hand. Hallucinations must be the cause. Mrs. Breton then called her daughter and husband to dinner and the idea vanished completely from Sue's mind. After a relatively quiet dinner, Sue started to ramble on about Grad Day and her plans for next year.

Mr. Breton eyed Sue's mother and with one small wave of his large hand silenced Sue.

Yes, she had been right; something was wrong, for Dad had never cut her off in the middle of something important that she was saying.

"Sue, I have some news to tell you and I'm afraid, if we put it off any longer, it is going to hurt more than it will now. We've been transferred to Washington, D.C., and the firm wants us there in three weeks."

Sue thought her ears were playing tricks on her. Dad said the firm wanted HIM in Washington, in three weeks.

"Don't play jokes like that on me, Dad. Move away from HERE to Washington! You must be kidding!"

"No, Sue, I'm serious. We know how you were counting on your Senior year here at Maywood and what it will mean living--"

Mr. Breton never finished his sentence, for Sue ran from the table into the quiet of her room, locked the door and for the first time the full impact of what her Dad had said stared her square in the face.

"How could they do this to me?" she whimpered. "It's easy for them to leave but ME! Don't they realize what I'll be leaving? Am I to leave my friends, leave Jim, leave this silly little house, but most of all leave to spend my Senior year in some stuffy old city school, with no friends? Heaven, why me?" Sue soon fell asleep on a tear-stained pillow.

Sue had to face Grad Day whether she liked it or not. She told Jim about the move and somehow that soothed the ache in her heart at all the reminders of the day next year that would never come for her.

After Grad Day, the three weeks sped by with amazing quickness.

Many good-byes were said, promises to write exchanged and the frolic of a farewell party the last memory of her life here to hang on to.

"Good-bye, Maywood. Never change, for I'll be back."

The comparison between Maywood and Washington was too great for Sue to conceive. And just because they were settled in their home and Sue registered at Spring Valley High didn't by any stretch of the imagination mean she was happy--on the contrary, she was miserable.

At the beginning of the third week in her new home, Sue was out in the garden when a cheery voice from the other side of the fence startled her, causing her to jump to attention.

"Hi! I'm your next door neighbour, Diane Lynn. We just arrived home from our summer holidays yesterday. I noticed you from my window while I was unpacking. You looked about my age--seventeen--and I hoped you were the answer to my prayers concerning a girl my age within shouting distance."

"Sue Breton, sixteen, at your service." Sue made a funny little bow and wrinkled her face. There and then the girls knew they each had found their long-awaited friend.

"For two weeks now, I've wondered if I was the only teen-age girl in this forest of houses. Thank heaven I'm not!"

"Are you a Senior in school this year, Sue?"

"Yes, Spring Valley High is where I'll be attending classes. And you."

"Senior, Spring Valley High."

From then on the girls developed a close friendship. They were friends for life and each new day Diane introduced Sue to some more of her friends and the list of Sue's Washington acquaintances started to take shape.

Sue decided Washington wasn't going to be as bad as she had expected and that, wherever you may go, new friends await you. Just give them a chance to find you.

MY GOAL

My goal is way up yonder,
Above the bluebird wings.
I often sit and wonder
Why everyone doesn't sing!

The depths of heart and soul
Are filled with wondrous things--
If only one could pay the toll
And swiftly move to better things.

My goal is way up yonder,
Up in the land of nod;
Where I can sit and ponder
With love and peace and God.

Barbara Wheten, 12A.

THE BEGINNING

God created.
He made the mighty mountains,
the plains, the seas, and skies
From substances we know not what
And cannot yet surmise.

He fashioned man from a hand of clay,
And she was formed from bone,
Set in this place, a wondrous world
That man would call his own.

And this was our beginning;
God created us from sod.
I accept, but have one question--
Who created God?

Liz Dobson, 11A.





Mrs. Ann Sarafin, Mr. Peter Lehman, Mrs. Elsie Wypych, Mrs. Eleanor Coupe, Mrs. Jeanie Snape



Mr. Norman Dack, Mr. Henry Alkema, Mr. David Evans







STUDENT PARLIAMENT

BACK ROW, l. to r.: Larry Wiertz, Dave Ferguson, Murray Kilby, Janice Warwick, Harriet Morningstar, John Visser, Bill Hopkins. FOURTH ROW: Leonard Campbell, Maureen Sanderson, Sharan Lackett, Susan Hayward, Beverly Kilby, Dieter Pudwill, Brian Hawkins, George Dyck, Elizabeth Chapman, Bob Huffman, Stephen Harris. THIRD ROW: Mr. G. Coggins, Larry Atkins, Nancy Aldis, Dave McKenzie, Jim Marton, Bob Lees, Doug Cowan, Carolyn Roberts, Harold Thompson, Gardan Fraser, Mr. A. McBurney. SECOND ROW: Bill Dowsma, Linda Hoggar, Carol Kerns, Mark Chapman, Linda Forest, Nancy Ryder, Ann Miller, Ralph Tallman, Lynda Powell. FRONT ROW: Mike Bauck, Ann Johnston, Ellie Byle, Ken Shonk, Charlene McAninch, Nancy Hayward (Prime Minister), Wynn Taylor, Barbara Taylor, Margaret Hovanec, Lynda Smith, Mel Ruttan.

P.M. REPORTS

Well this year has really been a memorable one for me, and I think I can speak for the rest of the members of the STUDENT PARLIAMENT too. The 60-61 year saw new fields explored, new challenges met, and many hot debates fought.

The first new ventures: THE STUDENT PARLIAMENT took to the road early in December. We were royally escorted about the Parliament Buildings by our member from Halton, Mr. Stan Hall, royally because we were the first High School Parliament to come to the legislature. After listening to the House open and seeing the workings of a full scale Parliament we went to one of the main committee rooms. The speaker of the House, the Whip and the Clerk of the Sessions all came down to address us; from them we received a set of Members' files, the parliament members' bible; specially prepared sheets on parliament functions; and the proverbial jigsaw maps of Ontario. A short lunch and a long busride later we were within sight of the show (Mr. Coggins 'said' he knew how to get there). From there, fourteen blocks in freezing winds to eat and c'était fini. It was fun and informative and I hope there are more trips on the way.

We had one hectic session--two dances and a party right together. We were given the privilege of organizing the first grad dance in Nelson's history. It brought with it many headaches, the biggest being how to erect a twelve foot square wooden grad hat in mid air. Then in December Parliament became the proud

sponsor of the first financially successful Christmas Prom. Remember the food, Lynda? The next morning was the gala Christmas party in which new stars were born. Elvis Clarkly, (he'll never live that name down); Good King Gilmore; and that sweet young thing, Sadie McGaw. Few will forget the spirit and laughter of that morning. Thus 1960 passed away.

But 1961 bounced back with the Ngheip Week Campaign. Posters, pledges and badges reigned supreme for a whole week and we raised \$441.41, a way over the \$250 estimate.

As soon as Ngheip cooled down, uniforms reared up. When the idea was suggested, the fashion conscious revolted, but in the end the vote was almost unanimous in favour. Several styles have been suggested.

The lower grades really came into their own this year, and not just because they outnumbered the seniors but because they deserved it. Since there were many in grades nine and ten and virtually no representation in the cabinet, we instituted grade nine and ten premiers as ministers--without--portfolio. From this step emerged grade parties. Niners' night was a big success, thanks to Barb Taylor and the rest of the grade nine executive. Soon after the grade tens took up the lead and sponsored their own 'CARNIVAL CAPERS' under Ken Shonk's leadership.

In the actual workings of Parliament there were a few interesting revisions made. There

will be more power in the hands of the students when it comes election time. A committee of the two elected prime ministerial candidates and the two staff advisors will divide the cabinets, and these cabinets in turn will choose the two parties. The election procedure has been cut in half; so the halls won't be cluttered with yellow bed sheets and red painted toilet paper for quite as long next year.

Another new venture was a programme of Student Exchange. Under the sponsorship of the Rotary Clubs of Watkins Glen and Burlington, two students Mary-Jean Hunt, Wynn Taylor attended school in Watkins Glen, New York, and two students from Watkins Glen were here for one week. The students involved received invaluable information about American Schools and passed it on to the rest of the student body.

It was a lot of fun even though the raceway wasn't open.

But the biggest step this year was the new Student Parliament scholarships. The requirements for them are academic scholarship, active leadership and participation, and all round school citizenship. They will be awarded to one student in each grade, with the exception of grade thirteen; in grade thirteen a cash scholarship will be awarded. A large scholarship plaque with small gold engraved name plates has been suggested.

Parliament has done a lot this year, but Parliaments of the future can do so much more with you the students behind them.

Nancy Hayward



NELSON HIGH HISTORY CLUB

This year the members of the History Club studied alternately the government of Canada and the social and cultural aspects of India. These two subjects proved most interesting, from which we gained valuable information. We hope the interests of our members have been sufficiently aroused that they will continue this study.

During the year Mr. Bateman showed slides of India, which clearly illustrated to us the present social life of the people of India. To obtain a clearer insight into Indian culture, two post-graduate students of McMaster University, Mr. Ram Nath Gupta and Mr. Venkatasubramanian visited our school and enlightened us on the subjects of Indian philosophy, religion, arts and customs. Also several members gave interesting talks on the duties of the Indian High Commissioner of Canada.

Alternate meetings were spent discussing the background of the three main political parties of Canada, Liberal, Conservative, and C.C.F. Mr. Mawson and Mr. Fisher delved into the background of these political parties and discussed their findings at one of our meetings.

We also discussed the actual formation of Canadian government from nomination of the individual candidates through election and opening proceedings of Parliament.

On May the eleventh, the History Club members left for a scheduled two-day stay in Ottawa. During that time we visited the Parliament Buildings, the Indian High Commission, the War Museum, the Mint, and as the highlight of our trip, we spent a profitable and enjoyable hour with the Prime Minister of Canada, the Right Honourable John Diefenbaker.

We owe a special vote of thanks to our staff sponsors, Mr. Lavender and Mr. Mawson. Throughout the year, these sponsors were always willing to assist in any way possible, and we of the executive, (Janice Warwick - President, Liz Dobson - Vice-President, Harriet Morningstar - Secretary, and Vicki Smith - Treasurer,) would like to sincerely thank them on behalf of the members of the History Club.

Janice Warwick
President

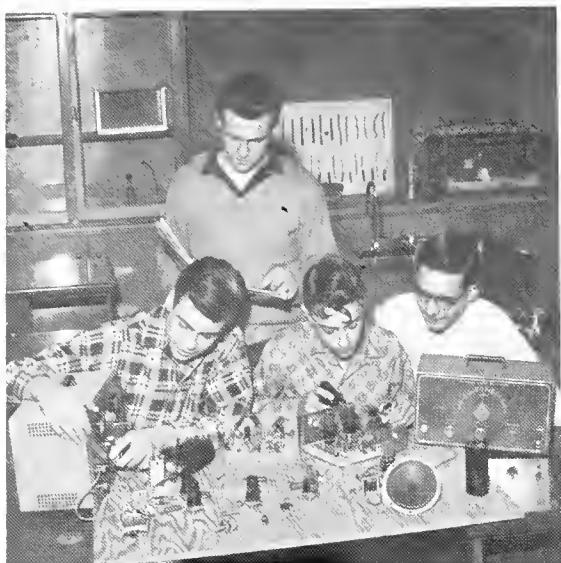


GEOGRAPHY CLUB

BACK ROW, l. to r.: Steve Ware, Bob Waggat, Harold Thompson, Dave Sellers, Wynn Taylor, Jim Ivarehka, Rudy Metzinger, Doug Brown, Norm Ruttan, Ted Stevens, Rick Draker. MIDDLE ROW: Ann McDougall, Rose MacIntyre, Linda Bachelder, Lisa Taylor, Larry Cockshutt, Hugh Irvin, Pat Warral, John Jameson. FRONT ROW: Maureen Sanderson, Chris Birt, Jayne Thomas (President), Vici Gilliland, Mr. E. Thomas, Gary Allen.

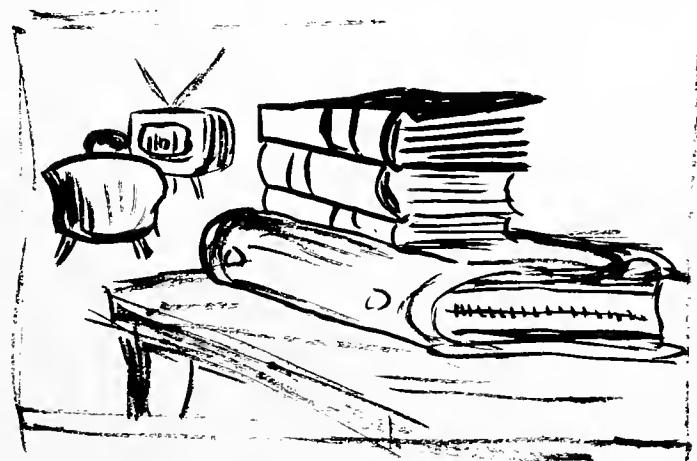
Minister: (at baptism of baby) -- "His name, please."
Mother: "Randolph, Morgan, Montgomery, Alfred,
Van Christopher, McGaof.
Minister: (to assistant): "A little more water."

THE SCIENCE CLUB



ART CLUB

BACK ROW, l. to r.: Eve Aldis, Lesley Shonk, Mary Jean Hunt, Gary Allen, Sharan Green, Cathie Ratcliffe, Chris Birt. FRONT ROW: Ed Hovanec, Leigh Cockburn (President), Mr. R. Bateman, Meryl Flack.





DRAMATIC SOCIETY

BACK ROW, l. to r.: Dennis Johnson, Eve Aldis, Martin Boddington, FRONT ROW: Nancy Ryder, Lyndo Smith (President), Stuart Holloway.



GLEE CLUB

BACK ROW, l. to r.: David Holt, Brian Morris, Roger Flock, Victor Tomlinson, Jim Burns, Jerry Picket. FOURTH ROW: Judy Breckon, Alice Sherwood, Florence Vanderveen, Anita Zurow, Linda Lockie, Valerie Ready, Lee Lokeman, Marg Hunter, Linda Hume, Pat Gilmour, Carolyn Johnson. THIRD ROW: Jackie Oosterveld, Christine Musselman, Nino Musselman, Betty Hume, Starr Allon, Sandra Hotte, Rose Sodowey, Gail Sancton, Heather Amy, Morabel Martin, April Adams, Ann McDougall. SECOND ROW: Vicki Gilliland, Susan Harrison, Myrna Crocket, Sally Romanowski, Carol Woods, Beate Hunnus, Ann Weir, Mary Plantinga, Ann Plantinga, Linda Bachelder. FRONT ROW: Gwen Williams, Anne Montgomery, Ann Belch, Agnes Rose (Accompanist), Gail Switzer, Sue Foster (President), Miss Pinkhom, Jayne Thomas (Secretary), Diane Wilkovesky, Wendy Arbuthnott, Linda Pellitterio, Sharon Locket.

Think for thyself! One good idea,
But known to be thine own,
Is better than a thousand gleaned
From fields by others sown.



U Only

O, MLE, what XTC
I always feel when UIC
I used to rave of LN's I's
4KT, 2, and LNR
I was a keen competitor;
But each now's a nan-NTT,
4UXL them all UC.



PROSPECTIVE TEACHERS' CLUB

BACK ROW, l. to r.: Karel Sury, Leigh Cockburn, Brian Haunsel, Gordon Eagle, Murray Aspden, Dave Ferguson.
SECOND ROW: Eila Parsinnen, Laila Parsinnen, Sharon Mount, Jaan Kershaw, Jane Clements, Carolynne Pattison,
Beverly Roe, Ja Everett, Barbara Easton, Naelle Stutt. FRONT ROW: Nina Musselman, Judy Wells, Mary Johnston,
Suzanne Foster, Mr. G. Heaver, Helen Montgomery, Linda Sackrider, Starr Allan, Meryl Flack. ABSENT: John
Montgomery.



LIBRARY

BACK ROW, l. to r.: Wynn Taylor, Starr Allan. FRONT ROW: Barbara Watkins, Patty Langford, Diane Lehman,
Maureen Sanderson.

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies in other men,
sleeping, but never dead, will rise in majesty to meet
thine own.

J.R. Lowell



M. MARSHALL

THE FIRST DANCE

The History Club held the first dance of the school year in the cafeteria on September twenty-third. This dance served as an introduction for the new students to the social activities at Nelson High. The members of the History Club chose a suitable theme of "First Dance" for the decorations. Red and Yellow streamers hung from the ceiling of the cafeteria and the Art Club provided two clever posters following the theme of "one boy plus one girl makes one dance".

As usual snowball dances had to be used to get everyone up on the floor. Of the eight prizes given away in elimination and spot dances, six were won by grade niners.

If the number of students present had any direct bearing on the success of the dances yet to come, the year was off to an enthusiastic start.

THE SCIENCE CLUB DANCE

The Science Club held their dance on October twenty-first in the cafeteria. They went all out on their theme "Sputnick Spin", and with the help of the Art Club, they turned the cafeteria into a modern spaceship with space monsters, flying saucers and mad scientists.

Instead of the usual snowball dance to get things rolling, the Science Club introduced the "Paul Jones" which served its purpose by getting everyone up on the floor.

Many students came to this dance for only one purpose: to see the teachers challenged in a dance contest. This contest consisted of a polka, a slow dance and the twist. The student winners were Richard Stevens and Dianne Gilmore and the winners from the teachers were Mr. and Mrs. Hazell. After seeing this display of the teacher's talents, I am sure all the students are eagerly awaiting a repeat performance.

The time and energy put into the dance helped to make it a success and the members of the Science Club are to be congratulated.

THE GRADUATION DANCE Friday, November 4, 1960

Mr. McBurney certainly can be congratulated on convening such a fine graduation dance!

The gym was extravagantly and originally decorated. One whole wall was used as a pin-up for "large-as-life" sketches of each graduate. (A few seemed to have disappeared after the

dance!) Above the sketches a sign was hung, flashing the word "Congratulations". The diplomas and large graduation caps decorating the other walls of the gym were reminders to the grads of their recent achievements.

Our own dance band, this year under the direction of Mr. Ridge, supplied the music for the evening. Jayne Thomas sang several songs. This music was a treat for the students of Nelson to hear.

It was quite interesting to see the rivalry among the newly affiliated members of the different universities. At one point, a fairly large group of Western students stopped all proceedings by singing their college song with appropriate gusto and enthusiasm.

This, the first graduation dance of Nelson High proved to be very enjoyable. The students and teachers join in wishing the first grads every success in their chosen careers.

THE SADIE HAWKINS DANCE

The girls of Nelson celebrated the end of exams by dragging their favourite males to the Sadie Hawkins dance, held on December the second. Nearly half the student body crowded the gym to celebrate the annual hard times dance.

The gym was decorated in typical dog-patch style. Hay was piled in many sections of the gym and lifesize figures of Little Abner and Daisy Mae stood in the corners. At the far end of the gym, Marryin' Sam had taken his quarters for the night. Sam, alias Doug Cowan, married any couple who agreed to accept the conditions of his life term contract.

The cheerleaders provided special entertainment. The Kvoriak sisters, Marg and Nora, dressed in similar "Daisy Mae" outfits, sang three songs. They were accompanied by the Hitchhikers, who were dressed in patched trousers and straw hats. Because of exams, the boys didn't get much practice, but everyone showed their appreciation of the boys' efforts with a great deal of applause. After the entertainment, the students retired to the cafeteria, where Kickapoo joy juice (apple cider) and doughnuts were served.

The cheerleaders sponsored a very enjoyable dance and I'm sure all the girls are looking forward to next year's Sadie Hawkins, when they can don their oldest clothes and ask the "fellas" to the dance.

THE CHRISTMAS DANCE

The Christmas semi-formal was at the last minute a success because the parliament members connected with it worked hard to sell enough tickets before the deadline.

The dance was held in the gym, which was wonderfully decorated to the theme of "Winter Wonderland". In each corner a tall Christmas tree towered above the stars and icicles which hung over the dancers, and Santa's reindeer, prancing along the walls, added to the Christmas spirit. A large mural at the far end of the gym formed the background for many of the pictures

taken that evening. Mr. Bateman and the Art Club members are to be congratulated for their part in making the decorations.

The Swinging Brothers, Al and Jim Rolls provided the evening's entertainment. They played many enjoyable dance tunes and generously added any songs that were requested by the students. Al managed to put everyone in a party mood with his humorous comments and antics.

Everyone who came to the dance agreed that it was the best way to end the first term of school and start the holiday season.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY DANCE

On January 21, the Dramatic Society sponsored the first dance of the new year. Its theme, Soiree Parisienne, in keeping with this year's dramatic production, was developed around French travel posters and a cafe scene. and balloons, ticker tape, and coloured spot lights created a light, carefree atmosphere. Stuart Hollaway, complete with beret, dark glasses and accent, was our M.C. Although the turn-out was rather disappointing, the novelty dances and prizes, interspersed with jokes, and the enjoyable surroundings made this dance unique. Many thanks to the staff and students who helped make this evening a success.

GOOD PRINCE GILLEMORE

To the tune: GOOD KING WENCESLAS

Good Prince Gill-e-more looked out
On the sight of students,
When the hay lay round about
At the Sadie Hawkins.
Brightly shone the kids that night,
Though the staff was cruel,
Making all the kids in sight
Pick up paper fuel.

" Hither, Em, and stand by me,
For I fear they're smoking,
In the parking lot they be,
And I am not joking. "
Vice and principal they went

Forth they went together,
Through the rude wind's wild lament
And the bitter weather.

"Sire", said Em "They're late again
And there is no reason;
They can't be across the fence--apples out
of season.
Slowly down the halls they pass,
All the minutes countin',
There they stand outside the class
By the drinking fountain.

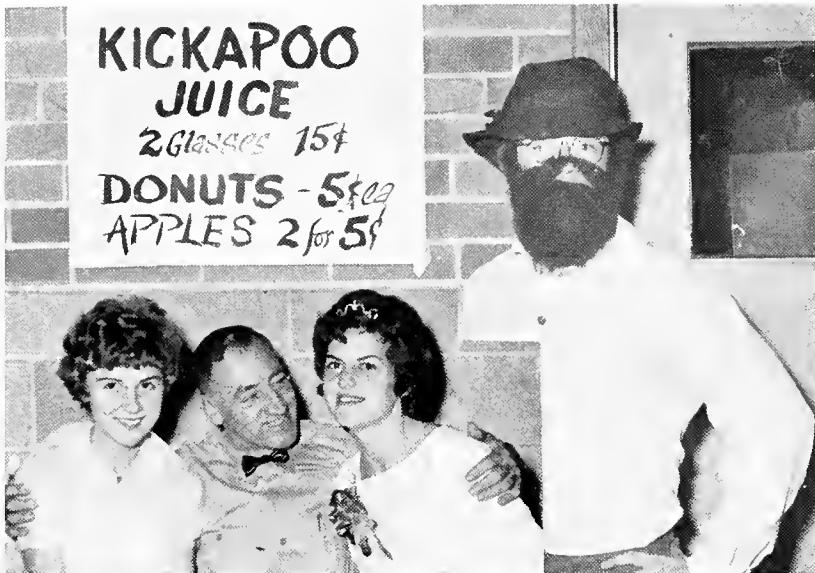
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(Two Staff Members)



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Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices.

Emerson

The trouble with being punctual is that there is usually
nobody there to appreciate it.



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Gau Morton MEN'S & BOYS' SHOP

FOR THE MAN
WHO CARES
WHAT HE WEARS

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A black and white advertisement for Gau Morton Men's & Boys' Shop. At the top, there is a black and white photograph of a band performing on stage. Below the photo, the shop's name is written in a stylized script font on a musical staff. To the left, there is a portrait of a man in a tuxedo. Below the portrait is a drawing of a building facade with a sign that reads "Gau Morton MEN'S & BOYS' SHOP". To the right of the building drawing is a block of text: "FOR THE MAN WHO CARES WHAT HE WEARS". At the bottom, there is a large, bold address: "ROSELAND PLAZA BURLINGTON NE 4-8954".

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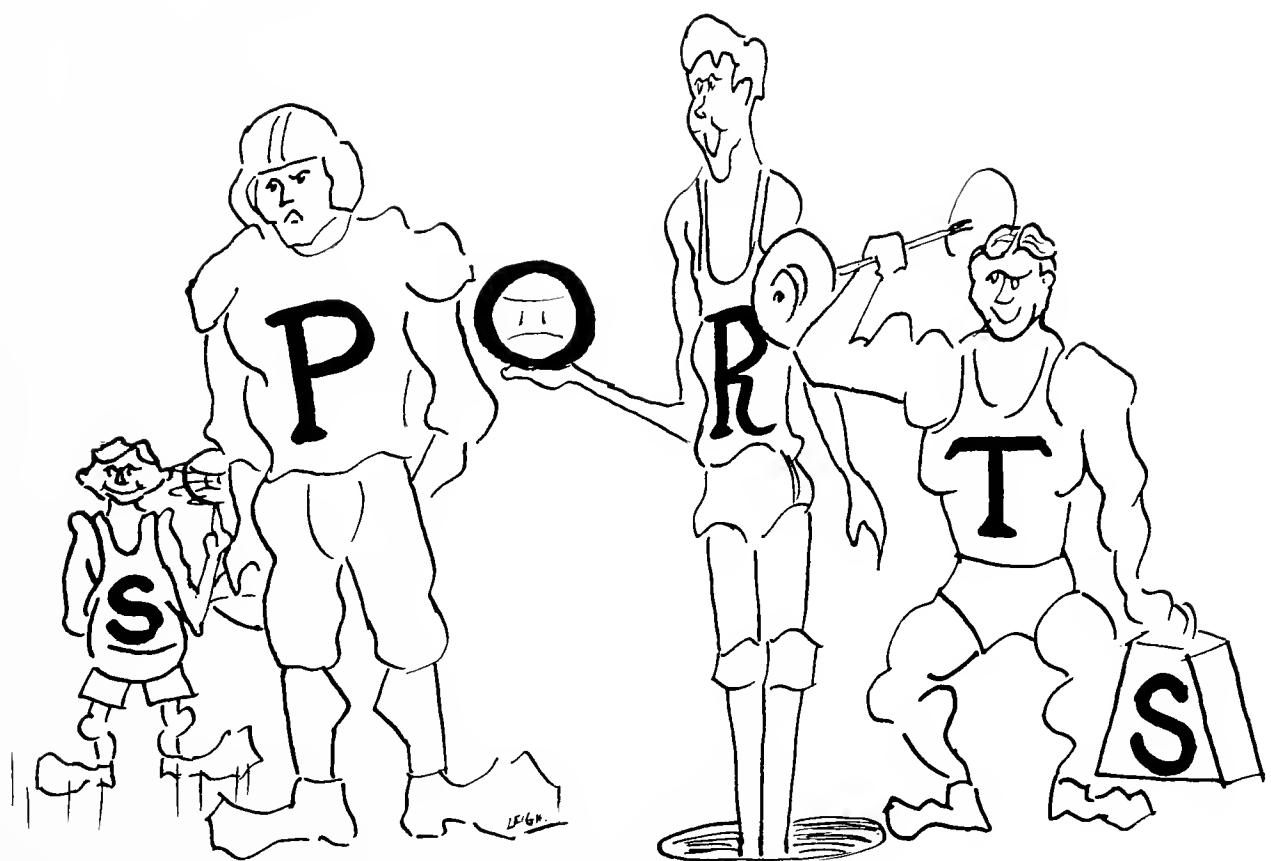
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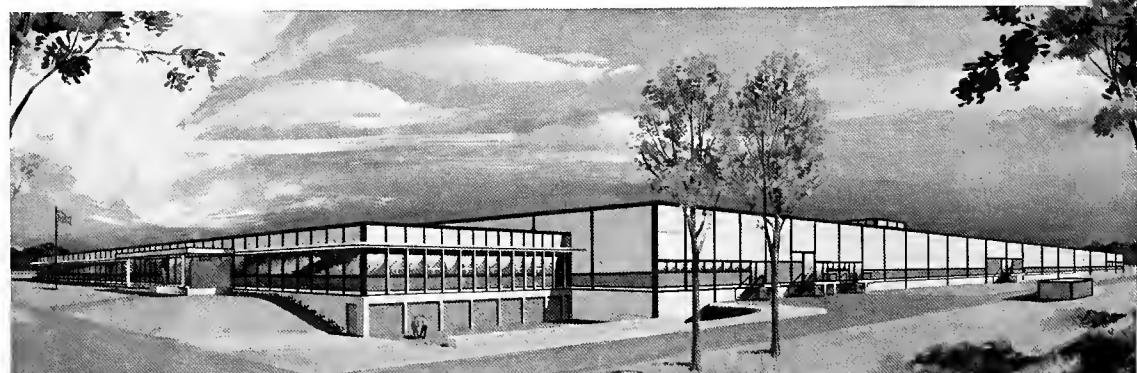
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BOYS' ATHLETIC SOCIETY



BACK ROW, l. to r.: John Nicholson, Jim Hunt, Dave Ferguson.
FRONT ROW: Dan Sullivan, Gerry Elliott, Tom Richardson, Jim Ross.

This year the Boys' Athletic Society undertook to revise the intramural sports programme of the school. This revision was necessary because of the evident lack of student interest in the House System which had existed up to this time.

The House System was ineffective for two main reasons. First, there was insufficient time to give everyone interested an equal opportunity to participate in the various athletic programmes. Secondly, as mentioned before, there was little incentive to maintain active student participation.

Under this new system each night will be devoted to a certain grade. Any student in that grade may participate in the sport which is in season. He will receive athletic points on a percentage basis for his weekly attendance. The most important feature of this new system is

SMOKE

Tobacco is a filthy weed.
I like it.
It satisfies no normal need.
I like it.
It makes you fat; it makes you lean;
It keeps your wits from being keen;
It's the worst darn stuff that's ever been.
I like it.

that all who are interested in athletic activities may participate regardless of individual ability.

With the help of the Physical Education Department the Athletic Directorate drew up a points system which would enable participation in intramural sports to receive credits toward the gaining of an athletic letter.

The Athletic Directorate feels confident that the new system will prove effective. This confidence is based upon the fact that now the intramural programme is built upon student interest. This new set-up will attract not only the student of superior athletic ability but also (and perhaps more important) the student who wishes to obtain mutual benefit and social enjoyment through Athletics.

Tom Richardson,
President, Boys' Athletic Society.

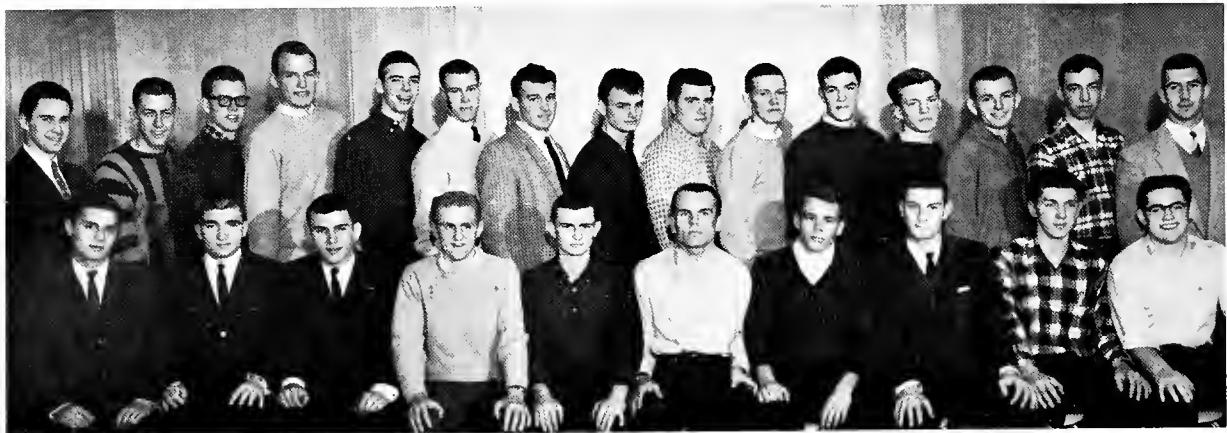
In Geography, Mr. Thomas was busy teaching the eastern coast of Canada. The class began to locate on the map the places he had mentioned. A hand shot up.

Mary: "I can't find that bay you keep talking about, Mr. Thomas."

Mr. Thomas: "What bay is that, Mary?"

Mary: "Gas Bay."

SENIOR FOOTBALL



BACK ROW, l. to r.: Mr. W. Burns (Cooch), Bob Huffman (Manager), John Visser, Ron Holmes, Bob Craig, Don Sullivan, Frank Smith, Randy Richardson, Tom Harrower, Bill Herd, Doug Meyers, Ernie Love, Bob Rusk, Don Kenny, Mr. J. Neale (Cooch). FRONT ROW: Jerry Elliott, Tom Richardson, Joe Droke, Grahame Richards, Bob Easter (Co-captain), John DeForest (Co-captain), Dick May, Jim Ross, John Block, George Dyck.

SENIOR FOOTBALL

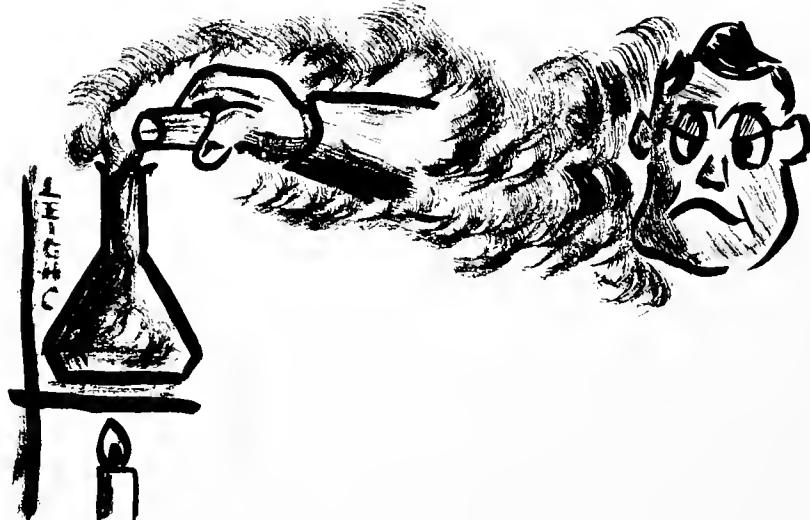
As far as the record book is concerned the 1960 campaign was Nelson's most successful year in senior Football. They won their exhibition game, won three of their five league games, but lost to Dundas in a sudden-death play-off game. However, the team has to be commended in many respects, in spite of their loss in the play-offs, and their loss to Burlington.

As a team, they showed desire and spirit and gave many loyal fans good football throughout the year. Having lost a number of last year's squad through graduation, the coaching staff of Mr. Burns and Mr. Neale was able to combine the remainder of last year's team, using it as a nucleus, with the new faces that

appeared. Naturally, the only times that this combination didn't seem to jell, was against Burlington and Dundas, but there will be many more opportunities for the Seniors to erase any doubt in anyone's mind as to their capabilities.

Every individual on the team, I am sure, deserves mention in one respect or another; however, special merit must be given to John DeForest, the hard-driving guard, who really played exceptional football with his faultless tackling and blocking, and Bob Easter, fullback (Nelson's answer to Ronnie Stewart) who won the league scoring title, which he well deserved.

All in all it was a great season and I am just one of many who wishes to thank the players for their fine efforts, and wish the coaches and the team "All the Best for '61"!



JUNIOR FOOTBALL



JUNIOR FOOTBALL

BACK ROW, l. to r.: Mr. R. Gosling (Coach), R. Simmars, Alec Lowe, Dave Bryer, Wynn Taylor, Bab Stinson, Coates, Grahame Barr, Jim Ivarenka, Bob Waggatt, Doug Gilchrist, Milan Sury, Dave Sellars, Larry Hazzar, Mr. F. Geard (Coach). FRONT ROW: Mike Semenzaw, Larry Smith, Paul Taberner, Brian Murphy, Derek Duval, Paul Simkins, Dave Ferguson, Andy Tath, John Nicholson, Gordon Fraser, Russ Brown.

This was the first year that Nelson had a Junior Football team, and although they didn't produce a winning club, they were able to come up with a commendable effort throughout the season. With Mr. Geard and Mr. Gosling forming the coaching staff, the team was well conditioned for the coming season.

In their seven league games the team won two and lost five. However, in the games that they won, against very powerful teams, the Juniors showed flashes of exciting football. Probably the greatest hindrance to the team was inexperience, as only a few of the boys had played organized football before. Yet, through the patience and guidance of their coaches, the team was united into one of the most school-spirited and loyal, single groups in the school.

Many of the players will be back next year, and using them as a foundation, their coaches will be able to build a strong club for next year. We know that the spirit will still be there, and so we wish the team good-luck for their sophomore season and thank them for such a fine effort in this, their "rookie" year.

Reading maketh a full man;
Conference, a ready man;
Writing, an exact man.

Bacon

***chromo**

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ARTISTS *

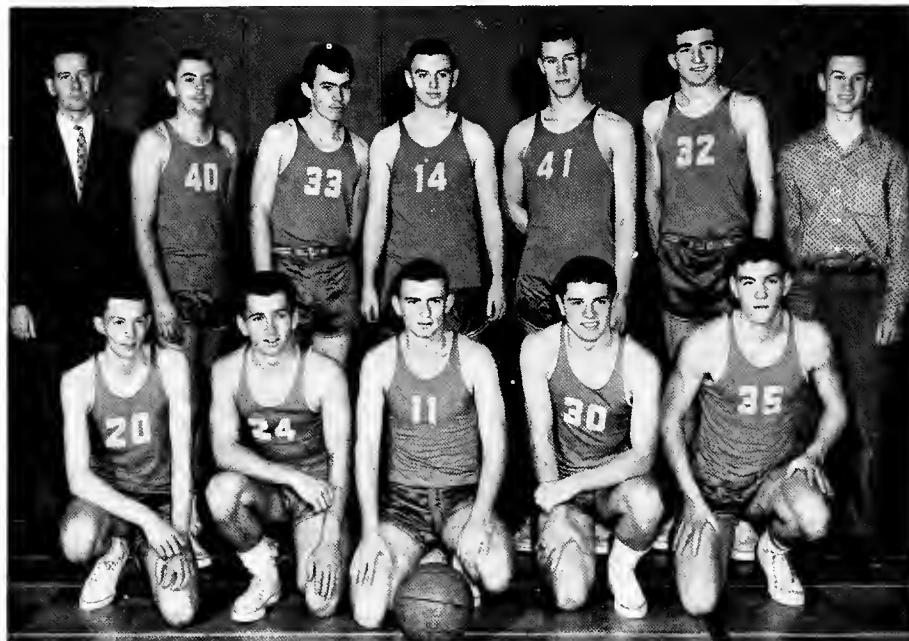
PLATE MAKERS *

LITHOGRAPHERS *

BOOKBINDERS *

BOYS' BASKETBALL

SENIOR



BOYS' SENIOR BASKETBALL

Mr. W. Fisher
(Coach)
Jerry Kilby
Tony Hurst
Murray Kilby
Dan Sullivan
Tom Richardson
Murray Aspden
(Manager)
Jeff Skinner
Don Gibson
Bob Easter
(Captain)
Karel Sury
Doug Myers

JUNIOR



BOYS' JUNIOR BASKETBALL

Mr. B. Page
(Coach)
Jim Lang
Lloyd Tuck
Bob Craig
Karl Gansen
Wynn Taylor
Peter Kaczur
(Manager)
Sarge Frizza
Alex Lawe
Bill Stafford
(Captain)
Gary Jeffries
Ken Shank
ABSENT:
Andy Tath
Dick Hamer
Dave Sellers



BOYS' MIDGET BASKETBALL

Mr. C. Damato
(Coach)
Don Roberts
George Westbrook
Nick Hordick
Derek Duval
Dan Posavad
Angus Johnson
John Willwina
(Manager)
Dole Cooper
Brian Gibson
Doug Wilson
Larry Haggard
Milan Sury
Bob Filman
Fred Stevens

BOYS' JUNIOR BASKETBALL

Although this year's squad, soundly defeated Burlington twice, during the regular season; they found tough going against a very powerful Blakelock team. The team lost many of last year's squad, and although they lacked depth and experience, they certainly didn't lack drive, spirit, and the will to win.

Under a new coach, Mr. Page (whose height they could have used), the team played good basketball and showed a great deal of promise for the future. Here's hoping for next year!

David Ferguson, 12A

BOYS' MIDGET BASKETBALL

Well, as hoped for and forecasted by last year's showing; the Midget Boy's Basketball Team came through with its best year. With several of last year's squad and some new faces, the team went through the entire season without defeat, winning its individual league championship and losing out to Waterdown in the Zone Final after a very hard-fought, and creditable showing. Congratulations must be given to their coach Mr. Damato and the team for such a great effort in this, their finest season.

David Ferguson, 12A

SENIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL

This year for the first time in Nelson's history the senior boys' basketball team had a fairly successful year although they did not reach the finals.

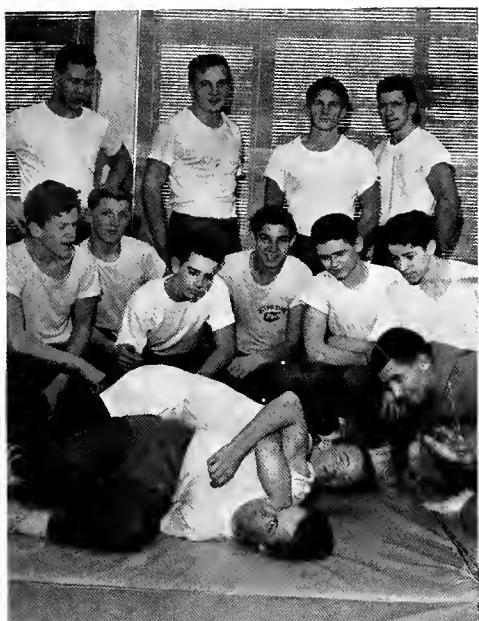
The team was well balanced with fast guards, good ball handlers and height for the rebounds all combining with good scoring also. The senior team played three exhibition games. Two of these games were lost to Niagara Peninsula schools which were a little out of Nelson's class although Nelson showed much promise. The other game was against Burlington in which Burlington won by a close score.

Nelson opened its season by winning its first two league games against Oakville and Blakelock, then lost its third game to Burlington. Nelson had no trouble winning its next two games against Oakville and Blakelock. Nelson, now had to beat Burlington, which would force Burlington and Nelson into a tie for first place. Burlington, luckily, beat out Nelson by only two points with Nelson playing its best game of the season.

Although three of the first-string men will be leaving the school this year (at least they hope to) Nelson promises to have a championship team next year with the help of Eglin and Clyde and their T.V. specials.

Special thanks must go to the coach, Mr. Fisher (Mr. Basketball) for his valuable instruction during the past season.

WRESTLING



The Nelson wrestling season got under way right after Christmas as more than twenty boys competed for a position in one of the twelve weight classes. A school tournament was held in the gym and the following became school champions:

95 lb. Ian Montgomery
103 lb. George Lockett
112 lb. Charlie Nixon
120 lb. Jim Gardner
127 lb. Bill Dredge
133 lb. Garry Irvine
137 lb. Heinz Lycklama
145 lb. Stan Williams
154 lb. Tom Burns
165 lb. Bob Wiltshire
180 lb. Bob Rusk
Heavy Brian Murphy

Under the expert coaching of Mr. Neale, former inter-collegiate champion, the official season started with the school champions forming the nucleus of the team.

The following is a summary of the results of the school meets and tournaments:

On January 14, Bill Dredge and Frank Smith entered an Invitation Tournament at Guelph and were runners-up in their weight classes. This was a great achievement since they wrestled Olympic style and neither had wrestled this style before. (In Olympic wrestling, competitors are not responsible for their opponents' safe

return to the mat and a pin is scored when both shoulders touch the mat simultaneously).

On Friday, January 20, Nelson travelled to Richmond Hill for the first school meet of the season. Nelson went down to defeat by a score of 33--23.

On January 28, five Nelson wrestlers went to Guelph for an invitational wrestling tournament. Heinz Lycklama scored a tournament upset when he pinned the Feather Weight favourite at 7:14 of their nine minute match. The final match however saw Heinz being pinned at 8:51.

An overwhelming victory was registered when the Hamilton Central team came to Nelson on January 31. The score, 38--16.

The next meet took place on February 3, in the Nelson auditorium. Opposition was provided by Kitchener-Waterloo Collegiate. The score was a close 25--23 victory for Nelson. Again, Heinz came through in grand style by pinning Dave Kessebring, former Ontario champion.

The next Friday, Nelson went to Kitchener. Injuries to Nelson wrestlers proved disastrous as Kitchener won comfortably by a 32--20 score.

The second meet between Nelson and Hamilton Central took place in Hamilton in February. This time the score was closer, 33--23. Two hundred pound Brian Murphy, a new member, did an excellent job of defeating his 275 pound opponent by a pin.

The return match with Richmond Hill took place in the Nelson auditorium on Athletic Night, February 17. Injuries and defaults again proved disastrous as Nelson lost by a very close score of 25--22. Heinz won by a convincing score of 9--1, this avenging an earlier defeat at the hands of Rob Roy MacGregor.

The last school meet of the year took place the following Tuesday in the Nelson gym in which Nelson defeated a promising but inexperienced Dundas team by a 38--16 score.

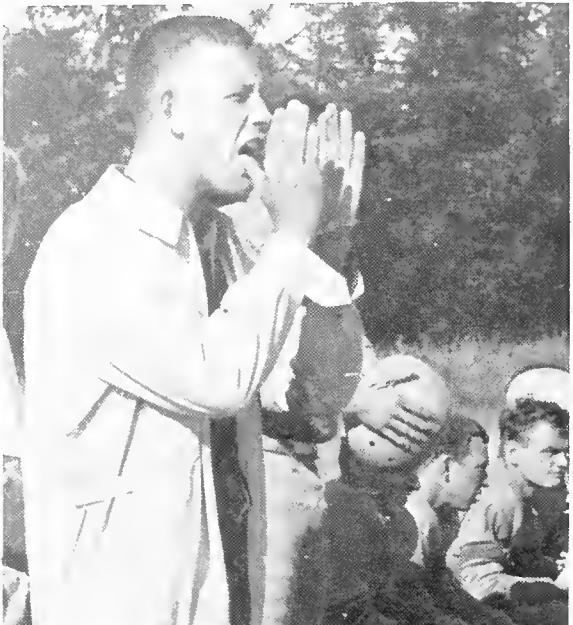
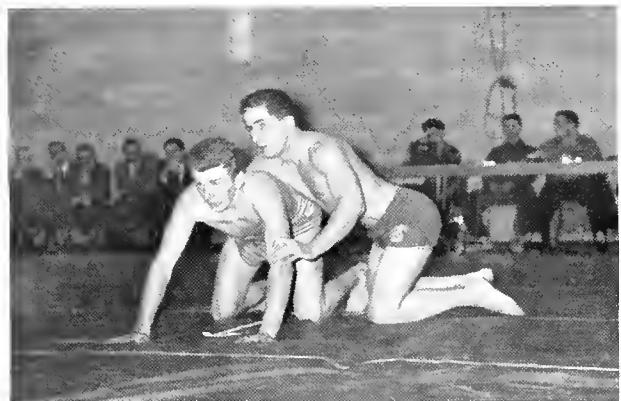
The season officially terminated the weekend of March 3rd and 4th as teams from thirteen different schools met at Winston Churchill Collegiate in Toronto. Out of town wrestlers were billeted out to students of Winston Churchill to spend the night. The preliminaries were held Friday evening and Saturday morning and afternoon, and in the finals, George Lockett and Heinz Lycklama--with a first and second respectively, led Nelson to a fifth place standing, with a score of 45 points. Beal Tech. of London was first with 71 points. A fine finish to a successful season.

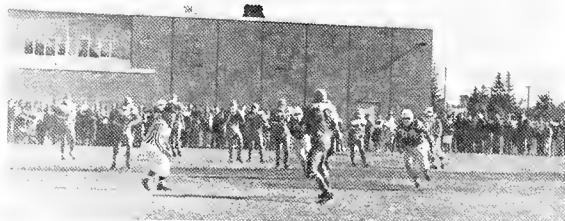
CROSS COUNTRY TEAM



CROSS-COUNTRY TEAM

BACK ROW, l. to r.: Tony Hurst, Jim Burns, Garry Irvine, Robert Sanderson, Jim Gardner, Ted Richards, Bill Burns, Nick Hordyk. FRONT ROW: John Lycklomo, Murray Aspden, Mr. A. Roberts, Joe Payne, Heinz Lycklama.





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DAFFYNITIONS

Conscience: Something that hurts when everything else feels so good.

Stoic: The boid that brings little babies.

Adult: A person who has stopped growing at both ends and started to grow in the middle.

Caterpillar: An upholstered worm.

Teachers' board meeting: Where teachers come and look bored.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION



GIRLS' TRACK & FIELD

Thanks to Mrs. Stephan's excellent instruction and coaching the girl's track and field team experienced a successful season.

The back campus was the scene of our annual school meet. The first and second place finalist went on to participate in the S.O.S.S.A. Zone 1 Track and Field Meet. The winners in this meet then competed at the S.O.S.S.A. Track and Field Day held at McMaster University.

A girl's invitation meet was held last year for the first time. Schools from all over Ontario took part in this event. Shelagh Taylor placed second in the senior broad jump. All the girls put up a good fight and certainly had an interesting day. Next year we hope for even more success in competition.

Hurdles were introduced as a new field event last year. At first we were a little timid at bounding over them, but before long most of the girls found the hurdles very challenging and lots of fun. This year the discus throw and the shot-put are being introduced.

Your character can never be essentially injured except by your own acts.

Man is made great or little by his own will. The price we challenge for ourselves is given us. Every man stamps his value on himself.

What know we greater than the soul!
On God and God-like men we build our trust.

Tennyson

NELSON TRACK & FIELD NEW RECORDS

JUNIOR

Carol Head -- 80 metre hurdles -- 17.6 seconds
Penni Fisher -- Standing Broad Jump -- 7.2 feet
Sue Wilson -- High jump -- 4' 3"

INTERMEDIATE

Meg Gudgeon -- 100 yd. dash & 80 metre hurdles
13.4 seconds & 17.4 seconds

Shelagh Taylor -- Standing broad jump --
7' 10 1/2"
Standing hop, step, jump --
23' 1 1/4"

Ginny Banks -- High jump

SENIORS

Gay Lakin -- Standing broad jump -- 7' 2 1/2"
Penny Duncan -- Running high jump -- 4' 2"

S.O.S.S.A. Zone 1 Track & Field Standings.

JUNIORS -- Jane Tancock -- 2 thirds

INTERMEDIATES -- Meg Gudgeon -- 1 third

Ginny Banks -- third, fourth

Shelagh Taylor -- 2 firsts

Helen Montgomery -- 2 seconds

S.O.S.S.A. MEET

Shelagh Taylor

One first

Helen Montgomery

Second

Jane Tancock

Second

Ginny Bank

Second

Believe not each accusing tongue,
As most weak people do;
But still believe that story wrong
That ought not to be true.

Sheridan

GIRLS' SENIOR BASKETBALL



Joanne Waldhauser, Dianne Leroux, Beverly Kilby, Ann Plantinga, Harriet Morningstar, Virginia Banks, Meg Gudgeon, Ann Jahnstan, Linda Gunby, Margaret Hewitt, Linda Smith, Sheila Taylor, Judy Wells. ABSENT: Mary Jean Hunt, Judy Rahmer.

GIRLS' JUNIOR BASKETBALL



GIRLS' SENIOR VOLLEYBALL



Dianne Leraux, Judy Wells, Ann Plantinga, Ginnie Banks, Meryl Flack, Beverly Kilby, Carol Mattan, Carol Banks, Paula Jelinek, Maureen Jones.

GIRLS' JUNIOR VOLLEYBALL



Debbie Wettslauer, Maureen Sanderson, Ilija Bejnar, Vicki West, Sharon Ingram, Cathy Spinks, Vicki Smith, Barbara Baillaw, Sue Leadbeater, Pat Easter, Gloria Stevens. ABSENT: Rose Sadaway.

GIRLS' MIDGET VOLLEYBALL



Jane Reid, Dianne Phillips, Marlene Seymour, Cathy Frechette, Mary Plantinga, Mary Vancas, Lesley Shank, Judy Lumb, Cathy Clegg.

GIRLS' JUNIOR VOLLEYBALL

This year the junior volleyball team tied for second place with Blakelock at the annual meet which was held at McMaster. Mrs. Stephan did a wonderful job as coach, and Sue Leadbeater was a great captain. The girls played with a keen competitive spirit and arrived home happy.

MIDGET VOLLEYBALL

This year there was a large turn-out for the Midget Girl's Volleyball team. With the help of Miss Green and the coach Miss Bentley an excellent group was selected to represent their school. In an exhibition game against our old rivals Burlington, the team came through with a decisive win. In a re-match team work and organization brought forth another victory. This, however, ended the season as most of the surrounding schools had no midget teams. Nelson High School can be proud of the true sportsmanship and spirit displayed by the Girls' Midget Volleyball Team.

SENIOR CHEERLEADERS



BACK ROW, l. to r.: Mary Jean Hunt, Deanna Jarvis, Carol Banks, Marg Kvarik.
FRONT ROW: Lynne Chris, Nancy Ryder, Carol Mortan, Carol Carlett.

JUNIOR CHEERLEADERS



Left to Right: Liz Chapman, Jane Hagen, Dianne Dawes, Lisa Taylor, Wendy Chilman, Carol Head.



COOL, MAN, COOL.



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GIRLS' GYM TEAM

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Poul: "Nope, I never fight a guy that's unarmed."

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9A



9B



9C



9D



9F



9E



9G



9H



9J



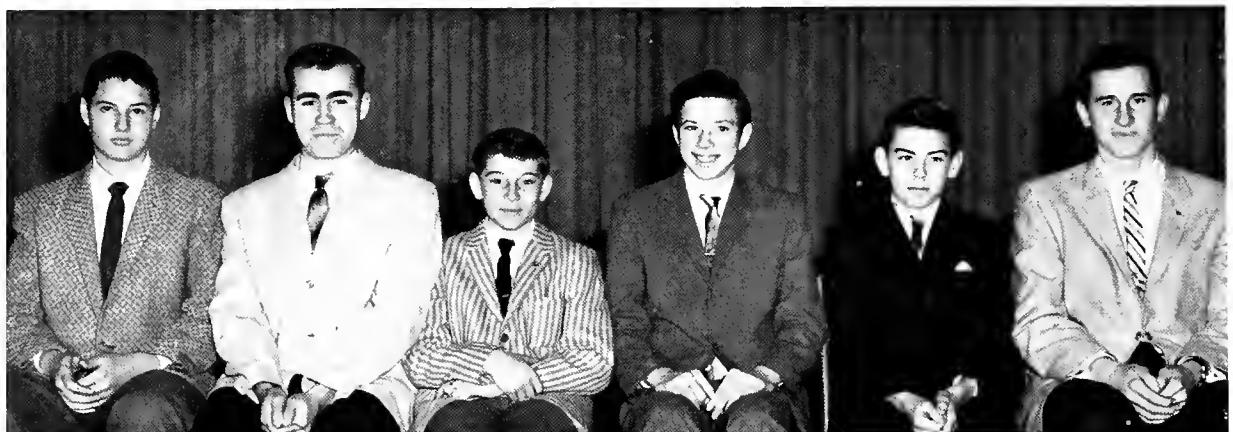
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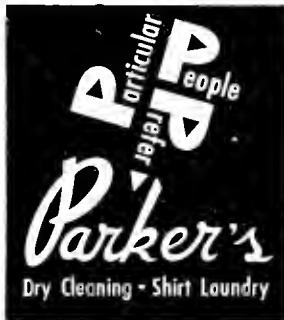
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Principal

E. S. CLEMENS,
Principal



10A



10B



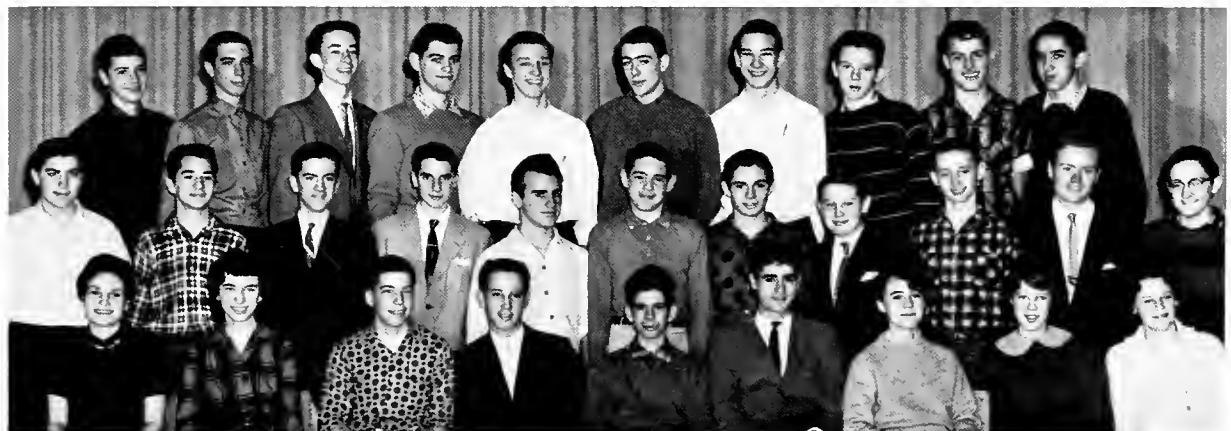
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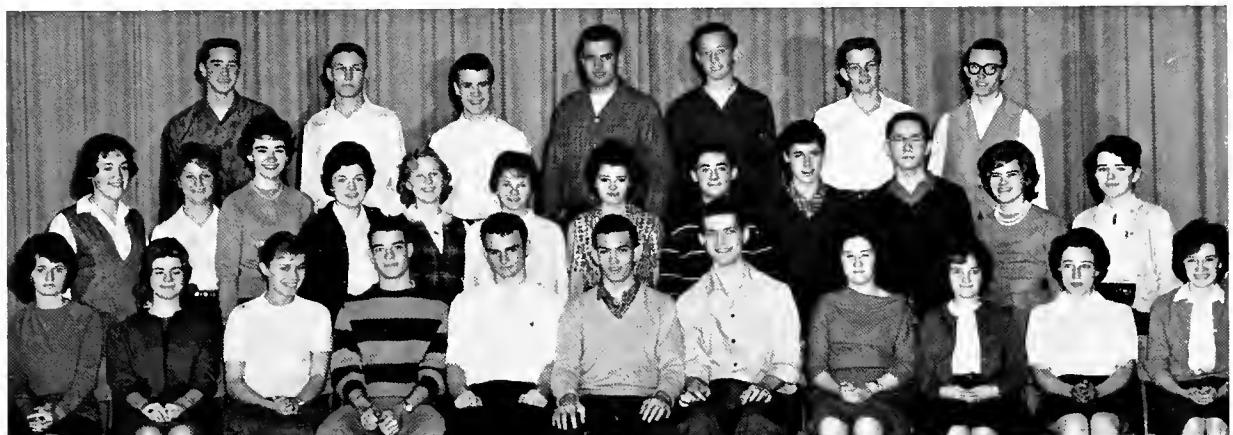
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C10



11A



11B



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11E



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12A



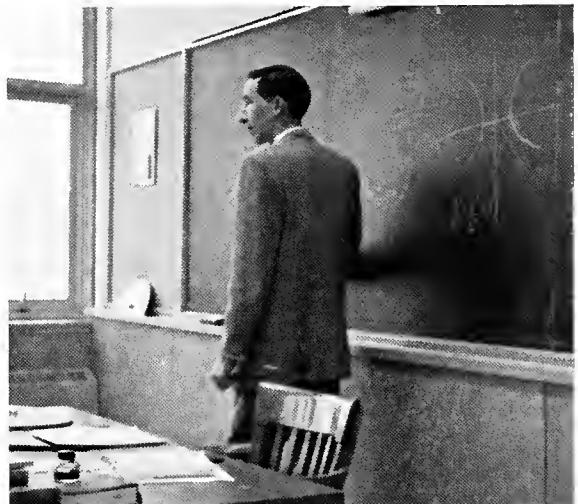
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12C



12D



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THE DAY A CITY WAS SAVED AT CROOKS' HOLLOW

Fortune seldom smiled on the people of Hamilton during 1832. The great Cholera epidemic of August and September of that year claimed the lives of nearly five hundred of the town's two thousand souls. What disease failed to accomplish, fire did. Before the holocaust subsided most of Hamilton's finest buildings were reduced to shapeless ruins. But despite these local disasters, a tough little miller named William Crooks made history by producing Canada's first sheet of white paper.

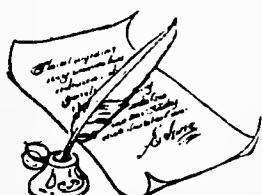
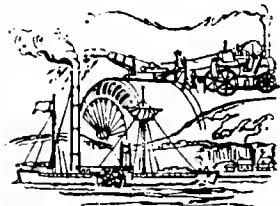


To say that Mr. Crooks' white paper was a marketable commodity would be an understatement. His achievement brought national prominence to a beaten city and staved off the imminence of economic disaster. By the time other papermakers elsewhere in Upper Canada were able to compete, a rejuvenated Hamilton was back once again on the road to greatness.

William Crooks and his white paper serve well to illustrate the independent, pioneering atmosphere of Hamilton and its surrounding area. For over one hundred and sixty years creative people in "The Ambitious City", never satisfied with doing things in an ordinary or conventional way, have been providing the nation with an impressive list of famous Canadian firsts. The first steamboat to sail on fresh water in North America, the first turbine engine to be used in transport, the first threshing machine ... all were products of the stimulating Hamilton climate.



This kind of climate is still very much alive in present-day Hamilton. In fact, today the city's gross annual value of production (in excess of one billion dollars) ranks it *third* in all of Canada. Hamilton has also mushroomed into the nation's third largest port and number two city in the rich, populous province of Ontario.



All of these achievements indicate something significant about Hamilton. They prove that Hamilton is a city of people who like to stand on their own two feet and think for themselves. They prove that Hamilton cannot ever be classified as a neighbour of this or a suburb of that.

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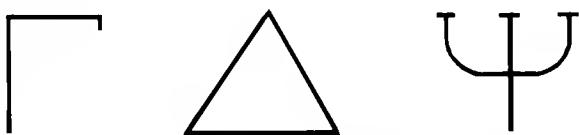
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Doug: "So what?"

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Mr. Scroggie: "Of course not; what haven't you done?"

Lyndo: "My homework!"

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TODAY**. Surrounding this central text are several illustrations of different types of machinery:

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Mr. Cooper to Alex:

How would you punctuate this sentence: "The girl who is very beautiful smiled at me?"
Alex I'd make a dash after the girl!

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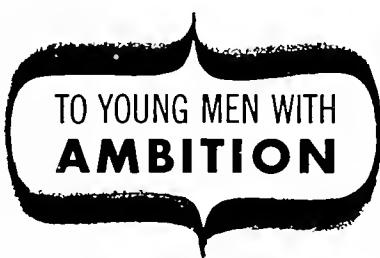
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